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WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

A RECORD

Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus in North and South America.

VOL. I.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,

1872.

Printed for private circulation only.

CIRCULAR.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,
WOODSTOCK, MD.

Rev. and Dear Father,

P. C.

We would solicit Your Reverence's kind judgment upon the undertaking we have proposed to ourselves in these papers. They are the humble beginning of a plan to present our Fathers and Brothers on this side of the Atlantic, with a medium of mutual intercourse. In these pages will be reported the labors and successes of our Brethren in America, that by the example of their fruitful lives, each one of us may be made "emulous of the better gifts."

How consonant this object is with the spirit of our Rules, the Constitutions of Our Holy Father and the general practice of the Society clearly show; and Your Reverence knows how earnestly the heart is moved and strengthened to noble effort, by the recital of the good deeds of those we love.

We are members of one body: each part has its own proper function, and the whole has a sum of activity peculiar to itself. It is wise at intervals to look beyond our own immediate sphere at the onward progress of the whole system, that we may perform our individual evolutions with more telling effect. In this manner only, the varied resources of vast organizations are moved along in exquisite harmony of interests and aims.

And this inter-communion of our moral forces, of labor and sacrifice, of reciprocal encouragement and holy emulation is now the more to be wished among us as the circle of

their action is every day widening. The Society indeed under the blessing of God has grown apace in our land and the time seems ripe for the development of a new and vigorous life. But rightly to foster this fair promise, it should be in our power to strike a chord that will vibrate to kindred sympathies and thus appeal with effect to the zeal that should mark our sacred calling. It will be our very humble yet grateful task to make the publication we present to Your Reverence, the desired channel of communication and in this sense, we respectfully place it at your service.

That the house at Woodstock has no claim to originality in this matter, we all the more gladly allow, as we may turn to the *Laval Letters*, and the *Letters and Notices* of the English Province, not to mention many others, for countenance, example and suggestions in the manner of conducting our periodical. The English publication in particular greets us on its title-page with a sentiment of Our Holy Father whose approbation is as sacred to us as law : "Magnopere juverit alios de aliis certiores fieri, ac audire quæ ex variis locis ad ædificationem et eorum quæ geruntur cognitionem afferuntur."

The Saint would seem to imply that we should know not only what a Jesuit ought to be, but what he is. The lives of his children were to be modelled not only upon the Institute, the Exercises and interior law of love which the Holy Spirit imprints upon our souls, but were to draw vigor also from example in the living present. And as past records kindle the memory into life by recalling what is glorious in the years gone before us, so, too, accounts of what is moving forward in the actual current of events, are highly calculated to thrill the heart with prompt and active sympathy.

The materials for the publication depend upon the charity of our Fathers and Brothers, who from their various stations can contribute wherewith to edify and instruct. While thus communicating an account of their doings to friends with whom they would ordinarily correspond, they will at the same time, and by the same means, confer a favor upon all.

The topics we suggest are the success of missions, remarkable events with regard to colleges and houses, notices of the edifying death of our brethren, etc. Just as new foundations and establishments are matters of great interest, so the early rise and progress of houses and provinces that are already in existence, or old documents which have a bearing the same way, and may not otherwise meet with publicity, are quite to the point.

A current paging is adopted, so that the numbers may be bound together at the end of each year. The frequency of the issues is evidently a matter much depending upon the good will of those who have it in their power to send materials. The earlier these are received at Woodstock the better; and if already in condition for the printers (the writing being on one side of their letter-sheets) we could desire nothing more.

At the same time, as we cordially desire to consult as far as possible the convenience of our contributors, we will add in conclusion that the language or arrangement in which their communications are sent will be no bar to their acceptance. The translation and reduction to form, in such cases we take upon ourselves.

Under your Reverence's approval we offer you these first fruits of a labor of love, entrusting its development and success to your encouragement and the kind interest of all our Brethren.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. I, NO. I.—JANUARY, 1872.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF FATHER ANDREW WHITE, S. J., THE APOSTLE OF MARYLAND.

Non recedet memoria ejus, et nomen ejus requiretur a generatione in generationem. Eccl. 39. 13.

Merry England in the days of Charles I. was not a pleasant home for Catholics who feared God more than men, and who loved their faith better than station, wealth and quiet lives. True, the old fires about the stake no longer lit up with baleful glare the fair fields around; rarely did the rough hurdle with its load of victims wake harsh echoes as it trundled up Tyburn Hill: but cruel penal laws were vigorously enforced and the religion of Ethelred and Edward the Confessor was proscribed in the land.

To understand the exact condition of Catholicity in England at this period is not an easy task, so many are the apparent contradictions found in the historical records of the time. That Catholics should feel themselves forced to go into exile, there to enjoy the rights of conscience which were denied them at home—for such was undoubtedly the impelling motive of the Maryland settlement,—and on the other hand that their influence at Court was powerful enough to secure a charter with provisions so liberal, are facts not readily reconcilable. So far as historical relics en-

able us to judge, their position seems to have been somewhat the following. Persecutions were so much less violent under Charles I. that his reign came to be designated "a period of mildness." This expression was applicable, however, relatively only to the harsh times of Elizabeth and her immediate successor, as a few extracts from contemporaneous accounts show. "From the year 1628," says Dr. Challoner, "till 1641, I find no more blood shed for religious matters, though as to other penalties they were frequently inflicted upon priests and other Catholics: in one year alone there were twenty-six priests seized and committed to that one prison called the Clink, to speak nothing of those that were confined elsewhere." The statutes in force, imposed a fine of £ 20 on popish recusants for every month they absented themselves from the Protestant church. No public office was open to them; retaining arms in their homes was forbidden; they were debarred from instituting lawsuits and no Catholic could travel five miles from home without a special license under pain of forfeiting all his goods. Most inhuman of all was the law forbidding a Papist to educate his child in his own religion, under fine of £ 10 a month if the instruction were given at home, or of £ 100, and the incapacitation of the child from inheriting, purchasing or enjoying any lands, goods, profits and so forth, if the education were conducted abroad.

On the other side, we find that wealthy Catholics gained a show of toleration by compromising in the payment of large sums of money to the king, who, harassed by those financial difficulties the final issue of which brought his head to the block, "reckoned of greater worth than their blood the money of the Papists."

Under circumstances of this nature, we may conclude that the Catholics of England found little to attach them to their native land, and under the direction of the pious Sir George Calvert whose services to the crown had procured him exceptional favor with the reigning monarch, they cast about for an asylum in some other land, where

proscription for conscience might cease, and the practice of their faith be possible in peace and security.

The beautiful country around the waters of the Chesapeake, cheering accounts of which had been brought by odd journeyers to the Virginia colony, invited their efforts. Sir George Calvert applied to Charles I. for a patent to establish a colony on unappropriated lands lying contiguous to the Chesapeake, and the king, remembering that nobleman's services to his father, and moved, perhaps, by the intercession of his pious queen Henrietta Maria, issued the desired letters, June 1632, and assigned to the land therein ceded to Lord Baltimore, the name of Maryland, in honor of his queen.

Sir George Calvert having died before the execution of these letters patent, his son Cecil, who succeeded to his father's title and rights, applied to Father Blount, the first provincial of the English Province and to the general, Mutius Vitelleschi, for some members of the Society "to attend the Catholic planters and settlers and to convert the native Indians." For this double object so consonant with the spirit of the Society, Fr. Andrew White was directed to accompany the Maryland pilgrims, and to him was assigned as a companion Fr. John Altham. The wisdom of the choice which placed at the head of the mission the future Apostle of Maryland, subsequent events admirably vindicated.

Fr. Andrew White was born in London about the year 1579. Of his early life, no information has come down to us. Forced abroad by the inhuman enactments against the education of Catholic youth, he entered the celebrated college at Douay, founded by Cardinal Allen for the instruction of priests destined to missionary labors in England. That his success in studies must have been remarkable, we gather from the important positions afterwards held by him in the seminaries of the society.

On his ordination, somewhere about the year 1604, he repaired to England, there to assume the perilous duties of

a missionary priest. With zeal native to the great soul he bore, he labored for a year or two, cheered rather than deterred by the prospect of martyrdom never far removed, since by English law it was high treason in an English subject to return as a priest from beyond the seas and not conform within three days to the established church. His stay in England was not prolonged, for in 1606 his name occurs in a "list of forty-seven priests who were from different prisons into perpetual exile." God denied to him this happiness to which he aspired, of laying down his life in testimony of England's old faith; but while thus refusing him the honor of martyrdom, He held in reserve for his faithful servant the no less glorious labors of a singularly fruitful Apostleship. Foiled in his object of working on the English mission, Fr. White, at the age of 28, applied for admission into the Society of Jesus, and began his noviceship at Louvain on the 1st. of February, 1607. Two years later, he pronounced the simple vows. "Possessed of transcendant talent," says Oliver, he was admirably fitted for the duties of a university lecturer, and he was appointed by his superiors to that office. St. Alban's Seminary at Valladolid and St. Hermenegild's at Seville had been established for the purpose of fitting out subjects for the English Province, and in these two institutions Fr. White discharged at different periods the offices of Prefect of Studies and of lecturer in Scholastic Theology, Scripture and Hebrew. Whether these duties just enumerated filled up the whole period of time between the close of Fr. White's noviceship in 1609 and the year 1619 when he was admitted to the profession of the four vows, we have no means of ascertaining. So at variance are the meagre biographies of the good father, that in one we are told that his first appearance on the English mission was after his entrance into the Society in 1607. This assertion is not admissible, for the list of banished priests, above cited, establishes the fact of his presence in England in the year 1606, before his entrance into the Society.

On his return from Spain, Fr. White taught divinity first at Liege, and then at Louvain; and in both places he won the admiration of all by the proofs he gave of rare talents and deep learning.

After this we can find no traces of him in any biographical records, until he was called to attend Lord Baltimore's expedition; and it is impossible to discover whether the order of his Provincial found him in England or on the Continent. This we know, that he joyfully obeyed the command, and in the words of the *Collectanea*, *S. J.*, "like a giant he exulted to run his course."

"On Nov. 22d, 1633, it being St. Cecilia's day, the 'Ark' and the 'Dove' weighed anchor at Cowes in the Isle of Wight." Their hearts firm set with confidence in the protection of heaven and bravely resolved to endure what perils soever awaited them, in order that they and their children might worship God in justice and in truth, the Pilgrims of Maryland began their long voyage.

As the *Relatio Itineris* left by Fr. White informs us, many were the dangers encountered and safely passed through before the voyagers came in sight of their promised land. For a considerable time, the 'Dove,' a smaller and less sea-worthy vessel than the 'Ark' was parted from its consort and given over as lost. To the mutual joy of both crews, the pinnace rejoined the 'Ark', before reaching land, and together the little vessels sailed up the broad waters of the noble bay and majestic river, on whose banks lay the home of their adoption. "Along the Potomac, the exiles found mighty forests stretching as far as the eye could reach; a soil, rich and fertile;—the air balmy, although it was now in the month of March; and they returned thanks to God for the beautiful land which he had given them, for this was Maryland."

March 25th, 1634, Lady-day, a landing was made on an island, which the settlers called St. Clement's, most probably that now known as St. George's. "On the day of

the Annunciation," says Fr. White, in his '*Relation*" we first offered the sacrifice of the Mass, never before done in this region of the world.* After which having raised on our shoulders an immense cross fashioned from a tree, and going in procession to the designated spot, assisted by the Governor, Commissary, and other Catholics, we erected the trophy of Christ, the Saviour, and humbly bent the knee in reverence during the devout recitation of the litany of the Holy Cross." Thus in humble, grateful prayer, under the symbol of the cross, on whose wood Christ died to purchase back a world given over to sin and the devil, did these pious settlers reclaim of the Son of Man's dearly bought inheritance, this portion, destined to become the cradle of a vigorous church, the whole extent of whose fruitful mission has not even yet been revealed to man.

As on the voyage, so during the wearisome months of their early labors, Fr. White and his comrade Fr. John Altham encouraged the hopes of the colonists, kept alive their confidence in God and dispensed to them those spiritual aids which, above all else, gave them strength to sustain the hardships incident to their new position. The missionaries did not forget the second duty assigned to them by the pious Lord Baltimore, and, from the first day, they set about their apostolic labors among the Indian tribes that

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* Fr. White was ignorant of the fact, little known even in our own time, that the soil of Maryland had been previously blessed by the presence of priests and rendered fruitful unto Christ by the shedding of their blood. In 1570, Fr. Segura, the Vice-Provincial of the Spanish Jesuits in Florida in company with seven of his subjects landed on the shore of the Chesapeake. His object was the conversion of the Indians, one of whom having been carried to Florida by Spanish merchants and having professed Christianity, had volunteered to guide the missionaries. These latter followed the traitor a journey of several months into the interior, and were at length abandoned by him in the wild forests to endure all the horrors of famine. After a time he returned at the head of an armed party, and ruthlessly butchered his benefactors before the rustic altar, on which they had daily offered the Holy Sacrifice for his people.

encompassed the Colony of St. Mary's. Thanks to the spirit of charity and justice which pervaded Lord Baltimore's enterprise, at the very outset the Indians were rendered kindly disposed towards the new-comers. An exceptional case in the early settlements on the Continent, the tribes of Maryland were not driven from their lands by violence, nor were they cheated out of them by fraudulent barter.

In his earliest missions among the Indians, Fr. White depended for means of intercourse on interpreters from Virginia, but his ardent zeal aiding his natural aptitude for acquiring languages, he was enabled in a short time to master sufficiently the dialects of the country, although these were singularly numerous and varied. So familiar did Fr. White become with the Indian language, that he composed during his stay in Maryland, a grammar, a dictionary, and a catechism in the native tongue. He found time also to write a *Relation of the Voyage from England*, and a small history of the Maryland Colony.

One of the earliest excursions undertaken by him was to the Patuxents, a very powerful nation, whose chief exercised remarkable influence over the neighboring tribes. The king of the Patuxents at first showed himself disposed to admit the instruction of the missionary, who remained for a considerable time in his country and baptized a few of his people. Unaccountably these good dispositions underwent a change, the kind feelings at first entertained by the cacique gave place to hostile sentiments, and Gov. Calvert fearing danger to Fr. White required him to return to St. Mary's. A few years later, however, a reconciliation was effected, and in 1639 we find Fr. Brock *alias* Morgan residing among the Patuxents on land ceded by their king Macaquomen.

More successful was a similar expedition made by Fr. White to the Piscataways, on whose hunting-grounds now stands the city of Washington. He was received with

much cordiality by the king, who shared with him the hospitality of his own lodge. During this visit, the king fell ill and, after having been given over to death by over forty medicine-men of his nation, was restored to health through means of some remedies which the good father administered. Chilomacan, on his recovery, desired baptism for himself, his wife and children. The ceremony was delayed to allow time for his thorough instruction, and in the meanwhile he paid a visit to the Governor at St. Mary's. On his return to his nation the king erected a rude temple in which the ceremony of his baptism was performed with all the display possible under the circumstances. The bright hopes based on this auspicious event were frustrated by the death of the pious chieftain in the following year.

To follow here Fr. White in the all trying labors undertaken in the service of God, would extend too far the limits of this sketch. Numerous tribes lying along the Potomac and the waters of the Chesapeake were brought over to the faith—and aided by Fr. John Altham, who finally succumbed under his labors, Nov. 5th, 1640, by Frs. Brock, Fisher, Rigby, "and others," says Oliver in his *Collections* "whose names are written in the book of Eternal Life," Fr. White had the joy of seeing the true faith accepted by hundreds of the natives, and of receiving into the fold of Christ nearly all the Protestants who had accompanied the expedition, besides some from the neighboring colony of Virginia. The piety of the missionaries, their pure lives and their perfect self-devotion filled the minds of the Indians and whites alike with respect and wonder. They pointed out the way of salvation and walked the steep and thorny path themselves. They practised the virtues which they taught, and fully exemplified by their own lives the truth, the beauty, aud the sanctity of the Gospel which they preached. Arduous in the extreme were their journeys by land and water in the discharge of their missionary labors. Usually three together, the priest, an interpreter

and a servant, in an open boat they went from station to station; in a calm or under adverse winds, two rowed and the third steered. In a little basket were provisions of bread, cheese, dried roasting-ears of corn and such homely fare; in one chest the articles necessary for the celebration of the Divine Mysteries; in another, various objects intended as presents for the Indians. When nightfall overtook them on their journey, as was often the case, they landed on some sheltered beach, and while the priest moored the boat, gathered fire-wood, and spread the frail matting, their only shelter from the bleakest weather, his companions beat up the adjoining woods in quest of game.

Thus for ten years, under the fierce rays of the summer sun and in the biting wind and freezing sleet of the winter months, did the zealous Apostle of Maryland wear out his life in the service of the people to whose charge he had been assigned. But harder trials still were in store for him before his "nunc dimittis" would be heard. In 1645, the rule of the Proprietary in Maryland was overthrown by the Protestant rebellion, under Claiborne, a Virginia adventurer; whereupon the Governor, Sir Leonard Calvert, was forced for refuge into Virginia, and Fr. White, with two of his companions, was seized, put in irons and transported to England for trial. Once more the prospect of martyrdom brightened before his eyes, but God had ordained that he should win his crown not in the one brief, intense hour of pain that brings release, but in the long years of wearisome pining in dungeons, and of exhausting, perilous works that fell to the lot of England's missionary in those dark days. A sad sight, most truly, to behold this venerable man, whose best years and most generous efforts had been spent in the service of his fellow-men, whose tender interest for their temporal wants, scarcely less than his apostolic zeal for their eternal welfare, was limited not even by the actual strength that he possessed, cast into a dungeon by the very men for whose love he was prepared to die.

Banished a second time from England, after a confinement

whose duration is unknown, he sought permission to return to Maryland, but his request was not heard. Oliver says: "thirsting for the salvation of his dear Marylanders, he sought every opportunity of returning to that mission; but all his attempts proving ineffectual, he was content to devote his remaining energies to the advantage of his native land."

Indeed, a few months found him secretly returned to England; and disregarding the penalty of death incurred by every priest who appeared in the country after banishment, he labored in the duties of his vocation for a period generally reckoned about ten years. The necessity he had of concealing his identity under an assumed name, has rendered it impossible to ascertain with any degree of surety the scene of his toiling.

The hardships, privations and sickness that had filled up the years of his residence in Maryland, told on his constitution towards the end of his life, and for a long time before his death, that event was daily looked for by his friends. To himself, some foreknowledge of the appointed time would seem to have been disclosed, as is gathered from circumstances mentioned by Tanner and Nadasi.

On the morning of 27th Dec. 1656, the feast of St. John the Evangelist, during his customary hour of prayer, Fr. White felt that his warning was come, and though no worse than usual, he received the last sacraments: at sunset in the city of London, on the festival of the great disciple of love, his worthy imitator, the Apostle of Maryland passed to his reward.

With gratitude and humility may his brethren of the Society, who live to reap in these full harvest days the yield from the seed sown amid toil and suffering by Fr. White and his companions, cherish his memory and his name. Too little indeed is known of this great man to whom Providence gave the founding of a new spiritual empire. That his talents were of the highest order, that his acquirements in many branches of learning were most extensive, and that his eloquence fitted him to fill with credit chairs of doctrine in the

greatest universities, the splendid praise gained by him in Spain and Flanders sufficiently proves. But better than a scholar, Fr. White was a saint. Of the charity, humility, and zeal that possessed him, his apostolic work in Maryland and his generous devotedness to his native country stand as monuments. In his old age, even to the end, he continued his custom of fasting on bread and water twice a week. Not even in prison did he relax his austerities, and to the remonstrance of his jailer, that he should husband his strength for his appearance at Tyburn, he replied: "mihi vero ipsum jejunium abunde virium subministrat ad quidlibet Christi Domini mei causa perferendum."

In the *Bibliotheca Scriptorum, S. J.* of Fr. Nathaniel Southwell, is found appended to the announcement of Fr. White's death, the following eulogium, with which may be fittingly closed this scanty memoir of the founder of the Maryland Mission:

"Vir fuit non minus sanctitate vitae, quam doctrina conspicuus, magna eluxit abstinentia solo pane et aqua saepe victitans, nec his nisi sub vesperam se reficiebat. Tam profunda humilitate fuit, ut abjiciendi sese occasiones ultro quaereret. Incommodorum corporis adeo patiens, ut quamvis longa ac permolesta laboraret infirmitate, nunquam tamen auditus sit queri, sed quoad licebat, pro sano se gerebat, hac una in re simulator egregius. Denique quaecumque agebat sanctimoniam quamdam spirare videbantur, ut non defuerint viri graves qui asseruerint, si quemquam vidissent in hac vita sanctum, eum procul dubio fuisse Patrem Andream Vitum."

A RELATION

OF THE

COLONY OF THE LORD BARON OF BALTIMORE, IN MARYLAND, NEAR VIRGINIA; A NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGE TO MARYLAND, BY FATHER ANDREW WHITE; WITH SUNDRY REPORTS FROM FATHERS ANDREW WHITE, JOHN ALTHAM, JOHN BROCK, AND OTHER JESUIT FATHERS OF THE COLONY, TO THE SUPERIOR GENERAL AT ROME.*

A REPORT

Of the Colony of the Lord Baron of Baltimore, in Maryland, near Virginia, in which the quality, nature and condition of the region and its manifold advantages and riches are described.

The province is near the English colony in Virginia, which, in honor of his wife Maria, his most serene majesty of England wished to be called Maryland, or the Land of Maria. This province, his most serene majesty, in his munificence, lately, in the month of June, 1632, gave to the Lord Baron of Baltimore and his heirs forever; which donation he secured, and has confirmed by the public seal of the

DECLARATIO

Coloniæ Domini Baronis de Baltimore in terra Mariæ prope Virginiam, qua ingenium, natura et conditio regionis et multiplices ejus utilitates ac divitiæ describuntur.

Provincia est prope Coloniam Anglicanam in Virginia, quam honoris causa a Maria conjuge sua, Serenissimus Rex Angliæ terram Mariæ vel Marylandiæ voluit appellari. Hanc nuper provinciam idem Serenissimus rex pro sua magnificentia mense Junio 1632 Domino Baroni de Baltimore et hæredibus suis in perpetuum donavit, quam donationem publico totius regni sigillo munivit ac ratum habuit. Idcirco illustrissimus Baro jam sta-

* The original Latin Ms., as copied by Fr. Wm. McSherry from the Archives of the Society of Jesus in Rome, is here printed for the first time; the translation is revised from Force's Historical Tracts.

whole realm. Therefore the most illustrious Baron has resolved immediately to lead a colony into that region; first, and especially, that into the same and the neighboring places he may carry the light of the Gospel and of truth where it has been found out that hitherto no knowledge of the true God has shone; then, furthermore, with the design, that all the companions of his voyage and labors may be admitted to a participation of the profits and honor, and that the empire of the realm may be more widely extended.

For this enterprise, with all haste and diligence, he seeks companions of his voyage—as well those who have pledged themselves to share his fortunes as others also. For the whole affair being carefully considered, and the counsel of men eminent for experience and prudence being called in, he has now weighed carefully and studiously all the advantages and disadvantages which hitherto advanced or impeded other colonies, and found nothing which does not greatly approve his design and promise the most happy success.

For both the writings which his most noble father left behind him, an eye-witness a gentleman of means, and most worthy of credit, the uniform account of those who daily come and go to us from thence, or not far from thence, as well as the things which Captain Smith, who first dis-

tuit in eam regionem Coloniam ducere, primo et præcipue ut in eandem ac loca finitima lucem Evangelii ac veritatis invehat, quo nullam hactenus veri Dei notitiam affulsisse compertum est; tum eo etiam consilio ut Socii omnes itinerum ac laborum in partem quæstus et honoris vocentur, Regisque imperium latius propagetur. Eam in rem navigationis comites cum eos qui fortunæ aleam secum sint tentaturi, tum alios omni festinatione ac diligentia conquirit. Quippe re tota accurate considerata, et virorum usu ac prudentia præstantium consilio adhibito, omnia tum commoda tum incommoda, quæ alias hactenus colonias vel promoverunt vel impediverunt, sedulo jam studioseque perpendit, reperitque nihil, quod consilium suum non magnopere probaret ac successum sponderet felicissimum. Nam et scripta quæ post se reliquit nobilissimus Pater testis oculatus ac locuples ac fide dignissimus, quaeque constanter referunt, qui ad nos inde vel haud procul inde comeant quotidie, tum quæ verissime scripsit ac in

covered that country, most veritably wrote and published, contain statements truly wonderful and almost unheard of, in relation to the fertility and excellence of its soil. There is added to this also, the common consent and testimony of innumerable men who are here at London, and who are about to return to those parts from which they sometimes since have come, who with one accord verify and confirm what Smith has committed to writing.

Wherefore the most noble Baron, about to make sail, God helping, unto those parts; and to those whom he shall obtain as companions and supporters in an undertaking so illustrious, he makes the most ample and liberal promises, of which this is first and especial, (to omit the titles of honor and rank which are granted to fidelity, virtue, bravery and illustrious services,) that such gentlemen as shall pay down one hundred pounds English to convey five men, (which sum shall be sufficient for arms and implements, for clothes and other necessary articles) whether it shall please them to join our company themselves, or otherwise accredit their men and money, to those who shall be charged with this duty or to any person whom they may commission to look after them and receive their division of lands,—to them and to their heirs forever, shall be assigned a possession of two thousand acres of good land. Besides these emol-

lucem edidit Capitaneus Smithaeus, qui primus eam terram aperuit, mira sane et prope inaudita de soli illius fertilitate excellentiaque commemorat. Accedit etiam innumerabilium hominum, qui hic Londini versantur, quique in eas oras unde aliquando venerant reversuri sunt, communis consensus ac testimonium qui quae literis mandavit Smithaeus, uno ore comprobant atque confirmant. Quapropter nobilissimus Baro circa medium Septembrem proxime insequentem in ea loca, Deo adjuvante, vela facturus est, iisque quos sibi in tam praeclaro incoepto Socios ac adjutores nactus fuerit cumulatissime multa ac largissime pollicetur. Quorum id primum ac præcipuum est (ut omittam honoris ac loci dignitates, quae honori, virtuti, fortitudini, rebusque gestis liberaliter ac honorificentissime tribuuntur) ut quicunque 100 libras Anglicanas ad quinque viros transportandos (quod satis erit tum ad arma tum ad instrumenta, tum ad vestes et alias res necessarias) numerabit, sive ipsis visum fuerit se nobis

uments, if they offer themselves as companions in the first expedition, furthering our project, they shall obtain their share by no means small, in a profitable trade, (of which more hereafter,) with other privileges; — concerning all which things, when they come to the aforesaid Baron, they shall be made acquainted. But what has been before said of the one hundred pounds English, this may be also understood of a smaller or greater sum of money in proportion, whether from one person separately, or collected together and contributed by many.

The first and chief object of the illustrious Baron (which also ought to be the object of others who may be in the same ship) is, that in a land so fruitful shall be sown not so much the seeds of grain and fruit trees as of religion and piety; a design truly worthy of Christians, worthy of angels, worthy of Angles, than which England, renowned for so many ancient victories, has undertaken nothing more noble or more glorious. Behold the regions are white unto the harvest, prepared to receive into their fruitful bosom the seed of the Gospel. From thence they are sending, on all sides, messengers to seek for suitable men who may instruct the inhabitants in the doctrine of salvation and regenerate them in the sacred font.

There are present at this very time in the city, those

adjungere; seu viros pecuniamque iis, quibus hoc munus impositum fuerit, sive alteri cuivis commiserit ut eorum curam gerat, et divisionem agrorum recipiat, his omnibus suisque haeredibus in perpetuum possessio agri boni 2000 jugerum assignabitur. Ad haec si in prima expeditione socios se praestiterint operamque navaverint partem quoque suam haud exiguam in fructuosa mercatura, de qua postea, aliisque privilegiis, obtinebunt; de quibus cum ad praedictum Baronem venerint, accuratius fient certiores. Quod autem antea dictum est de 100 libris Anglicanis, hoc etiam de minore seu majore summa pecuniae pro rata portione ab uno separatim aut a pluribus simul collata atque praestita intelligatur.

Consilium primum ac summum Illustrissimi Baronis est, quod aliorum etiam qui in eadem navi fuerint esse debet, ut in terra tam frugifera, non tam frugum atque arborum quam religionis ac pietatis semina spargantur. Consilium enimvero dignum Christianis, dignum Angelis, dignum

who state that they have seen at Jamestown, in Virginia, messengers sent from their chiefs for this purpose, and infants carried to New England, that they might be washed in the waters of salvation. Who then can have a doubt, but that by this one work so glorious, many thousand souls may be led to Christ? I call the rescue and salvation of souls a glorious work, for that was the work of Christ the King of Glory. But since there are not to all the same ardor of mind and elevation of soul, so as to regard nothing but divine things, esteem nothing but heavenly things — inasmuch as most men regard rather pleasures, honors and wealth, as if in love with them — it has happened by some unseen power, or rather by the manifest remarkable wisdom of the Deity, that this one undertaking should embrace all inducements that affect men—emoluments of every kind.

It is admitted that the natural position of the country is the best and the most advantageous; for it extends towards the north to the thirty-eighth or fortieth degree of latitude, in the same position of place as Seville, Sicily and Jerusalem, and not unlike the best portions and climate of Ara-

Anglis, quo nobilius nullum aut gloriosius, tot antiquis Anglia victoriis nobilitata suscepit. Ecce regiones sunt albae ad messem, paratae ad Evangelii semen gremio fructifero recipiendum. Inde, ipsi mittunt undique nuntios ad conquirendos idoneos homines qui incolas doctrina salutaria instruant ac sacro fonte regenerent. Adsunt etiam hoc ipso tempore in urbe qui se vidisse testantur legatos a suis regibus hanc ob causam urbem Janeli in Virginia missos, infantesque in Novam Angliam delatos, ut aquis salutaribus abluerentur. Cui ergo dubium esse poterit, quin hoc uno tam glorioso opere multa animarum millia ad Christum traducantur. Opus appello gloriosum animarum auxilium ac salutem, opus enim erat Christi regis gloriæ. Cœterum cum omnibus idem ardor animi ac mentis altitudo non sit, ut nihil nisi divina spectent, nihil nisi caelestum intueantur, quin plurimi potius voluptates, honores, opes quasi adamantes, occulta quadam vi, seu aperta magis singulari numinis prudentia factum est ut hoc unum opus omnia hominum incitamenta, omnia generis emolumenta complecteretur.

In confesso est situm regionis optimum esse ac commodissimum, quippe quæ ad 38 vel 40 gradum in aquilonem porrigitur, situ loci Hispalis, Sici-

bia Felix. The air is serene and mild, neither exposed to the burning heat of Florida or ancient Virginia, nor withered by the cold of New England, but has a medium temperature between the two—enjoys the advantages of each, and is free from their inconveniences. On the east it is washed by the ocean: on the west it adjoins an almost boundless continent, which extends to the China sea.

There are two large arms of the sea, one on each side—bays most abundant in fish. The one whose name is Chesapeake, is twelve miles broad, and flowing between two regions, rolls from south to north one hundred and sixty miles, is able to contain great navies, and is marked by various large islands fit for grazing, where they fish actively for shad. They call the other the Delaware, where, the entire year, there is fishing for codfish, but not so profitable, except during the cold months, as those which are rather warm prevent their being cured with salt, and indeed this great plenty of fishing arises from this: the wind which sets continually from the Canaries, between the north and the east, rolls the earth and the fish with it to the Gulf of Mexico, where since it can neither return again to the east nor the south, it is driven violently towards the north and sweeps in its tide, along the coast of Florida, Virginia,

liæ, Jerusalem, et optimis Arabiæ felicis plagis et climati haud absimilis. Aer serenus ac mitis, nec ardoribus Floridae vel antiquae Virginiae infestus, nec Novae Angliae frigoribus exustus, sed mediam quamdam inter utramque temperiem obtinet, utriusque fruitur bonis, ac mala nescit. Ab oriente Oceano alluitur, ab occidente infinito prope Continenti adjacet, qui in mare Chinense protenditur. Duo aestuaria sane magna utrinque, sinus piscium fœcundissimi. Alterum cui nomen Chespeack 12,000 passuum latum binisque interfusum regionibus, ab austro centum et sexaginta millia passuum in aquilonem volvitur; magnarum capax navium discretum variis amplis ac pascuosis insulis in quibus piscium quos *lagoes* vocant copiosa piscatio. Alterum appellant Delaware ubi integro anno asellorum piscatio est, sed non adeo commoda, nisi mensibus tantum frigidioribus, nam calidiores sale condiri vetant. Ac haec quidem tanta piscandi copia hic fit, quod ventus qui a Canariis inter aquilonem et orientem constanter spirat, volvit oceanum simulque pisces in aestuarium

Maryland and New England, a great multitude of fish which, as they avoid the *cetacea*, fly to the shoal places where they are more easily taken by the fishermen.

There are various and noble rivers, the chief of which they call Patowomek, suitable for navigation, flowing one hundred and forty miles towards the east, where a trade with the Indians is so profitable, that a certain merchant, the last year, shipped beaver skins at a price, of forty thousand pieces of gold, and the labor of traffic is compensated by thirty-fold profit.

In the level and champagne country, there is a great abundance of grass; but the region is for the most part shaded with forests; oaks and walnut trees are the most common, and the oaks are so straight and tall that beams can be made from them, sixty feet long, and two feet and a half thick. Cypress trees will shoot up eighty feet before they send forth branches, and three men with extended arms, scarcely encompassed them. The mulberry that feed the silk worms, are very common. There is also found an Indian grain which the Portuguese call *l'ove de l'hierva*. Alders, ash trees and chestnuts, not inferior to those which Spain, Italy and Gaul produce—cedars equal to those which Le-

mexicanum, ubi cum nec in orientem nec austrum evolvi detur, magno impetu in aquilonem pellitur, perque oras Floridae, Virginiae, Marylandiae, Novae Angliae, magnam secum multitudinem piscium everrit, qui dum cetos fugiunt, ad loca vadosa confugiunt ubi facilius a piscatoribus capiuntur. Flumina sunt varia atque inclyta, quorum praecipuum Attowmack appellant navigationi opportunum 140 millia passuum influens in orientem ubi commercium cum Indis tam quaestuosum habetur ut mercator quidam 40,000 aureorum pretio pelles castorum ultimo anno convexerit ac mercaturae labor trigesimo foenore compensetur.

In planitie ac apertis campis copia graminis magna, sed regio majori ex parte nemoribus opaca; quercus, juglandes frequentissimae, ac quercus quidem ita rectae ac procerae ut trabes inde fieri possint altae 60 pedum latae 2 et dimidium. Cypressi etiam antequam ramos emittant ad 80 pedes eriguntur, truncum vix tres viri extentis brachiis metiuntur. Mori frequentissimi a escam bombycum. Invenitur etiam gramen sericum quod Lusitani *l'ove de l' hierva* vocant. Alni, fraxini, castaneae haud impares iis, quas Hispania, Italia, Gallia ferunt, cedrique aequales iis qui

banon boasts. What shall I say of the pine, laurel, fir, sassafras and others, with various trees also which yield balsam and odoriferous gum,—trees for all the most useful purposes — for architecture, for nautical uses, for planks, for resin, pitch and terebinth, for mustard, for perfumes, and for making cataplasms? But the woods are passable, not rough with an undergrowth of thorns and shrubs, but formed by nature to afford food to beasts, and pleasure to men. There are grapes in abundance, from which wine can be pressed; some resemble cherries and have a thick and unctuous juice. The inhabitants call them chesamines. There are cherries equal to Damascus plums, and gages very much like ours. There are three kinds of plums. Mulberries, chesnuts and walnuts are so abundant that they are used in various ways for food. Strawberries and esculent blackberries you will in like manner, find.

Of fishes, the following are already familiar: sturgeon, herrings, porpoises, craw-fish, torpedoes, trout, mullets of three kinds, urchins, roach, white salmon, periwinkles and others of that kind, of innumerable names, and unknown species. But so great is the abundance of swine and deer that they are rather troublesome than profitable. Cows, also, are innumerable and oxen suitable for bearing burdens

bus Libanus gloriatur. Quid dicam de pinu, lauro, abiete, saxofrasso et reliquis cum variis etiam arboribus quae balsama et gummi odorifera reddunt. Arbores ad omnia utilissima, ad architecturam, ad rem nauticam, opus tabulatum, ad picem resinam, liquidam picem, terebinthum, sinapi, odoromata, kataplasmata conficienda. Sylvam autem perviam, non horridam spinis aut arbutis sed ad pastum bestiis, hominibus ad voluptatem a natura factam. Adsunt vites ubertate ex quibus vinum exprimi potest, quaedam cerasis pares quarum humor crassus et unguinosus. Incolae Chesamines vocant: cerasa prunis Damascenis aequalia, grossularia nostris simillima; tria sunt genera prunorum. Mora, Castanea, juglandes ita abundant ut varias ad escas adhibeantur.

Fruges et rubos idæos ibidem invenias. De piscibus qui sequuntur, etiamnum in notitiam venerunt. Sturiones, haleces, phocaenae, astaci, squillae, torpedines, truttae, mulli trium generum, ericii, rubelliones, albi salmones, choncae, cochleae, et alii id genus innumeri nominum et generum ignoti. Ceterum tanta porcorum et cervorum copia est, ut molestiae

or for food; besides five other kinds of large beasts unknown to us, which our neighbors use for the table. Sheep will have to be taken from the Canaries: asses, also, and mules. The neighboring forests are full of wild horses, bulls and cows, of which five or six hundred thousand are annually carried to Seville from that part of the country which lies towards New Mexico. As many goats as you wish can be obtained from the neighboring people. Add to this, muskrats, squirrels, beavers, ferrets and weasels, not, however, destructive as with us to eggs and hens. Of the birds, the eagle is the most ravenous. Of hawks, there are various kinds which live in a great measure on fish. There are partridges, not larger than our quails, but almost infinite in number. Innumerable wild turkeys, which are double the size of our tame and domestic ones. There are also blackbirds, thrushes and a great many little birds of which there are various kinds, some red, some blue etc. The winter is plenteous in swans, geese, cranes, herons, ducks, creepers, green parrots, and many other birds unknown to our part of the world.

Lemons and quinces of the best quality grow there. Ap-

potius quam commodo sint, vaccae etiam innumerabiles ac bubali ad onera et escas idonei, praeter alia quinque genera magnarum bestiarum nobis ignota, quae finitimi ad mensam adhibent. Oves vel hinc vel a canariis petendæ, asini item et muli. Equis, tauris vaccisque sylvestribus plena sunt proxima nemora ex quorum parte, ea quae occidentem spectat in Novam Mexico, quotannis 600,000 vel 800,000 deportantur Hispalim. Caprarum quantum visum fuerit peti poterit a finitimis. Adde huc mures odoratos, sciuros, castores fibros, mustelas, curculiones non tamen ut nostri ovis et gallinis infestos. Inter volucres, aquila voracissima, accipitrum varia genera qui piscibus magna ex parte victitant. Perdices coturnicibus haud majores sed multitudine prope infinitae. Innumerabiles etiam Afrae aves agrestes quae nostras cicures et domesticas duplo magnitudinis exsuperent. Sunt etiam merulae et turdi, minutaeque aviculae multae, variaeque quorum aliae rubrae, caeruleae aliae, etc. Hyems abundat cycnis, anseribus, gruibus, ardeis, anatibus, certheis, glaucis psittacis, aliisque compluribus nostro orbi ignotis. Mala limonia et mala cotonea fert optima. Armeniae, item tanta sunt ubertate, ut vir honestus ac fide dignus constanter affimaverit se ultimo anno centum modios por-

ricots are so abundant that an honest gentleman, and worthy of credit, positively affirmed he had cast, last year, an hundred bushels of them to the hogs. What shall I say of the lupines, beans, garden roots etc., most excellent in quality, when even the peas, in these places, grow in ten days, to a height of fourteen inches? The country is so fruitful in corn that, in the most barren places, it returns the seed twice an hundred fold; but in other places and generally, one grain yields five or six hundred grains. In the more productive years, there is a yield of from fifteen hundred to sixteen hundred fold, and this indeed during one harvesting, whereas the fertility of the soil affords three harvests. That I may presently draw to a close, it is very likely that the soil is adapted to all the fruits of Italy—figs, pomegranates, golden olives, etc.

Nor are there wanting things that may be of use to fullers and apothecaries; there is plenty, also, of tin, iron, hemp and flax. There is hope, too, of finding gold; for the neighboring people wear bracelets of unwrought gold and long strings of pearls. Other advantages, both numerous and lucrative may be expected, which sagacious industry and long acquaintance will discover.

cis projecisse. De lupinis praestantissimis, fabis, radicibus, aliisque ejusmodi quid dicam? Cum etiam pisa illis in locis decem diebus ad quatuordecim digitos excrescunt. Regio frumenti adeo ferax est ut in maxima sterilitate bis centuplo semen reddat, alias et plerumque pro uno granulo 500 aut 600; melioribus annis 1500 vel 1600 et hoc quidem una messis, cum ternas per annum fertilitas soli suppeditat. Verisimile est omnibus Italiae fructibus solum idoneum fore, ficubus, pomis granatis, aureis olivis, etc., ut brevi perstringam. Non desunt quae pullonibus et apothecariis usui esse possunt; neo stanni, ferri, canabis, lini copia desideratur. Spes etiam auri inveniendi, nam finitimi ex auro sed nondum facto armillas gestant, ac margaritarum longas catenas. Multa etiam commoda atque divitiae sperari poterunt, quae sagax hominum industria et longus usus inveniet.

NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGE TO MARYLAND.

On the 22nd of November 1633, on St. Cecilia's day, the east wind blowing gently, we weighed anchor from Cowes, situated in the Isle of Wight. When we had first placed the principal parts of the ship under the protection of God, His most Holy Mother, St. Ignatius, and all the Guardian Angels of Maryland, being carried a short distance between the two headlands, for want of wind we came to anchor off Castle Yarmouth, which is a port on the west of the same island. Here we were saluted by the festive thunder of cannon. We were not free from alarm, however. For the sailors began to murmur among themselves declaring that they expected a messenger from London with letters, and so appeared to frame causes of delay. But God interrupted their wicked designs; for the same night, during the prevalence of a favorable but strong wind, a French barque which had lain in the same port with us, being compelled to weigh anchor, nearly drove against our pinnace. She, to prevent being run down, after cutting loose an anchor hastened to make sail as quick as possible, and since it is dangerous to be tossed by the waves in that place she put out

RELATIO ITINERIS IN MARYLANDIAM.

Vigesimo secundo mensis Novembris anni 1633, die Sanctae Caeciliae sacro, leniter aspirante Euro solvimus a Conis qui positus est in insula Vecta. Cumque praecipuas partes navis constituissemus in tutela Dei in primis, et Sanctissimae ejus Matris, Sancti Ignatii et omnium Angelorum Marylandiae, paululum inter duas terras provecti, deficiente vento, resedimus e regione Castri Yarmouth, quod est ad occasum aestivum ejusdem insulae. Hic festis tormentorum tonitruis accepti sumus neque tamen metus aberat. Nautae enim inter se mussitabant expectare se Londino nuntium et literas, atque ideo moras etiam nectere videbantur. Sed Deus consilia diversa abrupit. Eadem quippe nocte prospero sed valido flante vento lembus Gallicus (qui eodem portu nobiscum constiterat) solvere coactus, prope abfuit in nostram celocem ut impingeret. Illa igitur ne opprimeretur, una praecisa ac deperdita anchora, vela dare

to sea. Therefore, not to lose sight of our pinnace, we determined to follow; so that whatever designs the sailors contemplated against us, were frustrated. This happened on the 23rd of November, St. Clement's day, on which he being bound to an anchor and cast into the sea, obtained a crown of martyrdom, and afforded to his people a way to land, as the miracles of God declare.

So, on the same day, at ten o'clock in the morning, being honored again by a salute from the Castle of Hurst, we were carried beyond the breakers at the extremity of the Isle of Wight, which, from their form, they call the Needles. Now these are a terror to sailors on account of the double tide of the sea; on this side hurrying and dashing the ships upon the rock, and on the other side against the neighboring shore. To say nothing of the other imminent danger which we escaped at Castle Yarmouth, here the wind and tide raging while we remained, the anchor not yet being weighed and secured, the ship would certainly have been dashed on shore had we not on a sudden, being violently driven forward and shipping a sea, escaped the danger by the favor of God, who vouchsafed to us this pledge of his future protection, through the merits of St. Clement.

quamprimum; et quoniam eo loci fluctuare periculosum erat, in mare po ro se demittere festinat. Itaque ne celocis nostrae conspectum perderemus, sequi decernimus, ita quae nautae in nos agitarunt consilia sunt dissipata. Accidit id vigesimo tertio Novembris, die Sancto Clemento sacro qui anchora alligatus, et in mare demersus coronam martyrii adeptus est, et iter praebuit populo terrae, ut enarrant mirabilia Dei.

Eo igitur die, iterum circa decimam matutinam, festivis explosionibus salutati a Castro Hurst, praetervecti sumus frequentes scopulos ad extremum insulae Vectae, quos a forma acus vocant. Sunt autem navigantibus terrori propter duplicem aestum maris, hinc in saxa, illinc in vicinum littus abripientem, et allidentem naves, ut alterum interim discrimen taceam, quo defuncti sumus ad Castrum Yarmouth. Nam vento et aestu urgente, cum nondum recepta anchora haereremus, prope erat, ut navis ad terram allideretur, nisi subito vi magna aversi, eam mari immergentes, periculum Deo propitio elusissemus, qui hoc etiam pignore protectionis suae nos dignatus est per merita Sancti Clementi.

On that day, which fell on Saturday, and on the succeeding night, we enjoyed winds so favorable, that the following day, about nine o'clock in the morning, we left behind us the western promontory of England and the Scilly isles; in a gentle course turned rather towards the West, coasting along the British ocean, nor running as fast as we could, lest, leaving the pinnace too far behind, it might fall a prey to the Turks and pirates for the most part infesting that sea. Hence it came to pass that a fine merchant ship of six hundred tons burden, by the name of the Dragon, which having sailed from London was going to Angola, overtook us about three in the afternoon. And since, our dangers being passed, we could afford to take a little enjoyment, it was delightful to behold the two ships contending together in their course, while trumpets resounded, and sky and wind were propitious. And our ship would have had the advantage in the race, even without the use of a topsail, had we not to tarry for our pinnace which was rather slow. We, therefore, parted from the merchantman, which, before evening, was out of sight.

Die illo in Sabbatum incidit, et nocte insequente ventis usi sumus ita secundis, ut postero die mane circa horam nonam reliquerimus a tergo promontorium Angliae occiduum et insulas Sylinas placido cursu magis in occasum versi, legentes oceanum Brittanicum, neque quantum potuissemus accelerantes, ne celocem plus nimio praecurrentes, illa Turcis et piratis, mare illud plerumque infestantibus, praeda fieret.

Hinc factum est, ut oneraria insignis vasorum sexcentorum, cui nomen a Dracone datum est, cum Londino profecta Angolam peteret, nos circa tertiam pomeridianam assequeretur. Et quoniam periculo perfunctis voluptatis jam aliquid admittere vacabat, jucundum erat spectare eas duas naves inter se cursu, et tubarum clangore per horam integram contendentes, coelo et ventis arridentibus. Et superasset nostra, quamvis siparo non uteremur, nisi sistendum fuisset propter celocem, quae tardior erat; itaque cessimus onerariae; illa autem ante vesperam praetervecta, conspectui nostro se subduxit.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTER FROM FATHER DU RANQUET TO VERY REV. FATHER BAPST.

THUNDER BAY STATION,
SEPT. 24, 1871.

REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

Since I last wrote you from Grand Portage in June, I have been away nearly all the time travelling or on sick calls. A type of measles, called by our doctor "malignant measles," has swept off fifteen of our poor people in less than a month, and threatens to make still further ravages. Truly a terrible scourge for our poor mission! We have had the consolation of seeing the greater part of the victims prepare themselves for death as true Christians. Others have been called away so suddenly that I have hardly had time to give them extreme unction. Very few whites have been attacked; but it would seem as if no Indian or half-breed were to be permitted to escape. Fr. Chone, here at the mission where the greater number of deaths has occurred, is extremely fatigued. Fifty Indians have died of the same disease at Rainy Lake. I have had no news from Lake Nissigon, or the stations north of Lake Superior since my visit to them. I am very anxious about them; this terrible plague seems to ferret out the poor Indians in every corner; whereas the whites, as I was saying, have almost all escaped. I wish I were able to go and examine for myself the state of things at all points of the mission, but I would not venture to leave Fr. Chone here alone in his already exhausted condition.

If the sickness lasts another fortnight, our Autumn fishing will be lost, and those whom the disease will have spared, will fall victims to the famine. The foremost offi-

cials in charge of the public works have already given some relief to our unfortunate people, and hold out hopes of still further assistance. I have not yet attempted to make a collection, but the compassion for our poor Indians which their great distress excited, should move people to be generous towards them.

The Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary have nearly all their children sick. They also devoted themselves, as far as in their power, to the assistance of the other sufferers.

The visit to our Christians at Michipicoten, Pic, etc., without offering any very remarkable results, has yielded its ordinary share of consolation. At Red Rock, at the mouth of the Nissigon river, seven men, five of whom were Christians, in the employ of the engineers of the Pacific Railroad, were overtaken by the fire which had broken out everywhere through the woods, and were suffocated by the smoke. This accident and the sickness have left many orphans on our hands. The sisters have taken charge of the little girls.

I have received very pressing letters from Mr. G. Keller of Duluth, requesting me, in the name of the Bishops of St. Paul and La Crosse, to pay a visit before the close of navigation to the Indians and half-breeds of Superior, Duluth and Fond du Lac. I have not yet answered him, indeed I am rather at a loss what to say. The new missionaries at these places do not know the language, and Mr. Keller says the people are crying out for priests who can understand them. He tells me, also, that Fr. Sherlock has given a mission to the Polish emigrants in that neighborhood.

Ræ. Væ. in Xto. Servus,

D. Du Ranquet, S. J.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM FR. FERARD, SUPERIOR AT MANITOULINE, LAKE HURON, ONTARIO.

There died, last winter, a young boy about 12 years of age, who knew enough of his little prayers to remind him of God, but who had not had a chance to see the priest for the past two years, and had consequently been unable to receive his first communion. His sister had died a very happy death, some days before he himself had been attacked; and when he too felt the touch of death in his breast, he called his father and mother to his side and said to them: "Father and mother, I am dying,—I can't live long,—my sister is calling me from above,—she tells me to come and meet her, for we shall be so happy together.—I am very willing to go; but, father and mother, I am, perhaps, not good enough to enter at once into heaven; I therefore beg of you a favor." "What is it, Son?" said the astonished parents. "I would like you to whip me well before I die," continued the young penitent, "and help me to do penance for my sins."

At once the parents, to whom the will of a dying person is always sacred, with great composure, but with tears in their eyes, took up a strap of raw hide that lay near by, and proceeded to strike their little son smartly, for a length of time, on his outstretched hands. The dying lad did not shrink, did not shed a tear; and when he had undergone his voluntary penance, he lay back on his pillow, and gently gave up his soul to God. His parents told me that his countenance wore a sweet and almost superhuman appearance, after he had breathed his last; and though, like all Indians, they are apt to be superstitious, I am much inclined to believe them this time. Oh! that I may die such a death!

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM MR. DRUMMOND.

St. Mary's College,
Montreal, Oct. 3, 1871.

On Sunday last, with the permission of the Bishop, Fr. Vasseur appeared in the pulpit of our church in Chinese costume. Over a sky-blue, nearly violet, soutanne, he wore a little black cloak with short loose sleeves lined with red, and a surplice over all. His head gear consisted of what he calls his "bonnet du sacrifice," a large four-sided structure with the monogram of the Society worked on each face. It was so lightly fastened that it shook at the least movement of the wearer's head. You know whether he is given to movements of the head. This wonderful "bonnet" had two broad pendants behind, like a mitre. I was agreeably surprised at the effect of it. I had expected something ridiculous, but found it quite the reverse, very rich and imposing.

Let me tell you of a little bit of apostleship in the world which I have just heard of at first hand. My informant is a clerk in the office of a grain broker, a Protestant. The other day he received an order for a quantity of flour, which was immediately forwarded. The consignees refused to receive the flour, on the ground that it was not according to sample. The matter was too urgent for the tortuous formalities of the courts, so it was agreed to refer it to arbitration. Upon this the broker went to Mr. C——, who has two brothers at our college, and who, whilst enjoying the reputation of being the most upright merchant in Montreal, is a thoroughly practical Catholic, and a regular frequenter of the Sacraments. "See here, C——, I want you to be arbitrator in this matter." "Oh! do let me alone; I'm bothered with these arbitrations; everybody comes to me."

But the other insisted, and he at last gave way, but on one condition. "Well, I'll do it, provided you promise to come to the English sermon at the Gesu on Sunday night." "Oh! all right!" And the matter was arranged. Upon returning to his office, the Protestant broker threw himself into his chair and laughed heartily: "Just to think of it! I have to go to church on Sunday night." He laughs well who laughs last.

Just one other little item of edification which I came upon quite accidentally the other day. Upon going into the treasurer's office my attention was attracted by a very fine photograph of the Holy Patriarch St. Joseph, as patron of the faithful, under which was placed an inscription pretty much to this effect: "I, John Bapst etc., confide St. Mary's College to the care of St. Joseph.....and appoint Fr. Loyzance first assistant Procurator and Joseph Koerner second assistant Procurator, under the express condition that they will undertake nothing of any importance without previously consulting the Holy Patriarch. In testimony hereof I affix my seal and sign manual, etc." The consequence is that we have already 152 boarders, and more are expected, whilst last year which was the most prosperous in a pecuniary point of view which the college has yet seen, we never had 140 at a time: and remember that we attained our maximum only about Easter.

SPECIAL PROTECTION OF OUR COLLEGE AND PARISH DURING THE "CHICAGO FIRE."

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER DATED NOV. 12, 1871.

"In mediis ignis non sum aestuatus" exclaims the sacred writer, when he wishes to give us an idea of God's tender mercies. We may say almost as much for ourselves. For kind Heaven has deigned to show us a similar favor. Chicago is proud Chicago no longer. The fire-king has robbed her, not only of her pride and wealth, her pomp and luxury; but also of many of her sanctuaries and shrines, of her monuments of Christian charity and devotion. The cathedral and the Episcopal residences, churches, and chapels, schools and academies, monasteries and convents, orphanages and asylums of innocence or penitence, have been buried in one promiscuous grave.

But, by the favor of God, our house and parish still stand on the very borders of the smouldering waste, as a monument of His unspeakable mercy towards us. If they have escaped from the general conflagration, it certainly is not because they were beyond the reach of danger. For a long time the fiery element seemed to be disporting around us, as if in mockery of our fears. Had not some kind angel, such as fanned the youths in the Babylonian furnace, checked its wild, capricious gambols, we had most probably shared the common fate.

On the 6th of October, three blocks had been reduced to cinders, at no great distance away from us; and the remembrance was still fresh, when we were suddenly startled by the presence of danger near home. It was about 9 o'clock, on the night of the 7th, that we were attracted to the windows by an ominous glare on the surrounding

houses. Seeing the northern front of the Holy Family School-house brilliantly lit up, Father V. A—— and Brother O'N——, with some other members of the community, hurried off in great anxiety to the scene. But, finding that there was no immediate danger for the school, they turned their attention to the safety of the parish. Here, too, they found a watchful Providence on guard. The flames were sweeping, like a torrent, along the boundary line, without ever daring for an instant to cross, or to trespass on what looked like consecrated ground. On they kept gathering strength and fury as they went, until they reached the district burned out on the previous night. Then there came a turn. Had it been towards the West, nothing could have saved us. Fortunately for us, it was toward the East. The fate that had been hovering around our flock was averted for the present, and our active little party began to breathe more freely. They did not however, remain idle spectators and soon found in other quarters abundant exercise for their charity. They were joined later on by fresh recruits from the college, who staid out with them all night, helping the poor victims of this dreadful visitation to save themselves and their chattels from the unpitying flames. Many little children, too helpless or terrified to make their escape, were rescued by them from injury or death and conducted to a place of safety.

Two of the lay-brothers, bent upon this work of love and keeping pace with the devouring element, had reached St. Paul's church, when they learned that the Pastor was absent from home. The fatal spark had been seen to alight on the belfry only ten minutes before, and already the steeple, from the roof upwards, was a pyramid of flames. Their first thought was about the Blessed Sacrament; but a policeman warned them from the front door, through fear that the bells might fall at any moment. They hurried to the sides and rear of the church; but every door was locked, there was no trace of the sacristan, and no person could tell where

the keys were kept. After many useless endeavors to force an entrance, two of the neighbors at last succeeded in breaking through a small window in the sacristy. It was too late. They had almost reached the tabernacle, when they were driven back by the smoke and flames; and one of them, in trying to escape by a window of the church, fell to the ground in a swoon. It was a relief, especially to those who had exerted themselves so much, to learn on the following day that the Sacred Species had not been consumed after all. The Pastor had taken the precaution to remove them before setting out.

Morning dawned sadly upon the doomed and distracted city. A few boys came to school at the regular hour, but we dismissed them at once. Every one's mind was in a fever of excitement; to fix our thoughts upon anything besides the dreadful calamity was altogther out of the question. Our own position soon began to occupy our attention and to fill us with the greatest alarm. We saw ourselves, surrounded for miles in every directiou, by a vast tinder-box of wooden houses, which had been ripening for a spark during the last two or three long months of drought. The wind had now increased to a fearful gale, and the fire was still raging. Had it veered around or a new one accidentally sprung up in the West, we must have fared like all the rest; for the Water-works had already been burned, and there was not a drop of water in the city nearer than the lake or river. Then, who could have dared hope that the average number of fires would not occur, till the "works" had been restored?

We had recourse to the only, though happily not the least effective means of protection, still left us;—we assembled at noon in the sanctuary of the church, and in common recited the Litany of the Saints and other prayers, to invoke the continued favor of heaven, upon which we felt ourselves to be so utterly dependent. It was likewise agreed to summon the people to the church as if for even-

ing service—and to begin a public novena to the Sacred Heart for the protection of the remaining portion of the city, and of our own parish in particular. But dark coming on we had to abandon this idea altogether. The whole neighborhood was in a state of the wildest consternation, bordering on a panic; for rumors of would-be incendiaries had got abroad. It was reported on all hands that the place was full of them and that the West-side was to be burned down that night. Every one had some horrid instance of lynch-law to tell of; though no one seemed to have seen it himself. At all events it was quite certain that a great number of arrests had been made of real or pretended incendiaries. Two ill-looking fellows had been surprised in the act of trying to fire a barn a little to the windward of our premises. They now hurried past the College in the midst of an angry crowd—one of them in the hands of a policeman, the other in the grip of four or five citizens, who drove him before them and meanwhile kept shaking and threatening him in a way that must have furnished material for more than a few "lamp-post" stories.

Shortly after, a woman came to warn us that a couple of men had been overheard to swear that they would burn down the church and college of the Jesuits, if they had to swing for it. About the same time a respectable lady living hard by, told the porter that a suspicious looking character, who had been skulking about her yard and driven away, had been observed to enter our church and to remain behind, when all had been ordered out and the place locked up. Search was instantly made; and, when after some time it was about to be given up, the fellow was discovered crouching down near one of the confessionals. Most likely it was these two incidents that gave rise to the monstrous newspaper accounts of several men having been hanged or crucified for throwing kerosene on the Jesuits church.

Very few thought of sleeping that night. A committee from the police head-quarters had come up to swear in some

of our domestics for special duty, and caution us to watch our premises closely. We, accordingly, gathered together fourteen men and kept them patrolling the block till morning. Nothing of importance happened on that or any of the following eight or ten nights, during which we kept up our vigilance. Several times they frightened off individuals, who had been lurking in the neighboring alleys; occasionally, too, they succeeded in capturing them, and, when they could give no good account of themselves, handed them over to the first squad of soldiers, or of regular police which they met.

In the mean time, the destitution and suffering of so many homeless beings, strongly appealed to our sympathy. The college was one of the first places offered to the Relief Committees for the storage and distribution of supplies, which poured in at once from all parts of the country. They began to arrive on Tuesday afternoon, and for the remainder of that week continued coming in much more rapidly than we could possibly dole them out. From the variety and quantity of the articles stored away on the ground-floor, and the number of trucks unloading at the side-walks, a stranger passing by would have thought that the building had been suddenly turned into a vast Commission Warehouse.

The Benedictines, who had rescued nothing from their burning monastery, save the clothes which they wore upon their persons, had already taken shelter in our house. The orphans, too, arrived on the second day, in the company of their kind guardians—the Sisters of St. Joseph. We suspended our classes indefinitely and opened the first and second floors of the college proper for the accommodation of the little sufferers.

As soon as the Sisters found themselves and their charge so comfortably lodged, they gave a share of their attention to the relief of those who were less fortunate, by helping us to distribute the provisions to the thousands of hungry ones

that began to flock around our doors. Their presence seemed to be all that was needed to complete the most motley collection that could well be brought together. They stood somewhat aside from the general bustle, assorting and dealing out the food and clothing, whilst the older of their little orphans squeezed their way in and out among the crowd on various errands. The fathers, scholastics and lay-brothers were also conspicuous moving about through the corridors, partly superintending and partly helping the students and dray-men to roll in and pile up the barrels and boxes as they arrived. The Benedictine lay-brothers, of course, could not remain idle in sight of so busy a bee-hive as that, and mingled among the workers as lustily as any.

But this is not an end to the varieties. Near the front door, at a table, sat a seminarian, who had been stopping with us for a time, and who had now laid aside his theology for a week to listen to the stories of the unfortunate, and make out written orders for them according to their wants; farther on were the police, keeping the mass of applicants in order with their batons; in some unoccupied spaces close by, soldiers passed slowly up and down, with gun and bayonet, to overawe the disorderly; here and there you could recognize, by their white badges, the committee men, who had stepped in to see that all was right; and, now and then, charitable ladies and gentlemen pressed in among the common throng to visit the orphans and slip into the hands of each some little donation.

These were some of the most striking figures. The great bulk that thronged the passages were composed of the helpless sufferers. There they stood all day long swaying to and fro, jostling one another about, and clamoring for the loaf that was to save them from starving. It was a very strange scene indeed, and the sights and sounds of that eventful week will not be soon forgotten.

By Sunday we were so much worn out by the unusual labor and excitement, that we made arrangements with the

members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society to replace us during the following week. But after a few days the city government had secured a more convenient location for the depot, and delivered the whole charge of it and of all the others throughout the city into the hands of the "Chicago Relief and Aid Society."

Our two parish-schools for girls were likewise open for the assistance of the destitute—*St. Aloysius'*, on Maxwell St., as a supply depot, and the one on Taylor St., as a house for the Sisters of the Good Shepherd and their community. Our two other schools of the *Holy Family* and *St. Stanislaus* were not interfered with; but the small branch school-house on Jefferson St. served for two weeks, as a place of shelter for the homeless of every description. It was then fitted up and given to the orphans for the winter, or as long as they may wish to occupy it. Eighty of the boys had been previously sent to the orphan asylum of Cincinnati in charge of two of our students. We trust the remainder will enjoy some degree of comfort in the temporary abode, with which we have tried to furnish them.

The morning on which they were settled in their new home, we resumed our classes at the college, after a fortnight's interruption. All our students, who lived on the North-Side—and they formed the most respectable, and intelligent portion—had been burned out. On the first day after the fire many of them were wandering about homeless and almost beggars. Oh! it was so sad to talk to the poor fellows, when they came to the college to seek for some consolation from their professors. Quite a number of them had lost everything but their lives. Yet they were anxious to get back to their books, and with three or four exceptions, all of them returned almost without delay. Our numbers have been increasing ever since, and our prospects are now brighter than ever. In addtion to this, we enjoy the satisfaction of giving hospitality to our venerable Bishop who has permanently taken up his abode with us. He has

a suite of those rooms adjoining the parlor, goes to meals with the community, and sometimes attends our recreation. He is exceedingly cordial and "easy" with Ours—altogether like an old member of the family.

We are happy in the consciousness of having done something to alleviate the wants of Christ's suffering members, and so relieved ourselves to some extent of that immense debt of gratitude which is daily accumulating. The "Holy Family" have proved themselves the best of guardians. They have watched faithfully over the House of God entrusted to their keeping, and over all those that offer their devotion therein. Only a few years ago the Western quarter of the city was a "howling" waste. Our church was raised amid the poor and lonely whom the efforts of our Fathers had induced to settle down there, and confirmed in habits of industry and virtue. But the scene is changed now. Nestling peacefully beneath the shadow of their church, their humble frame cottages have been yearly multiplying; and now they have been screened, by a special favor, from the ravages of the flames. Many of them, too, are already giving place to more stately mansions, and happiness and comfort wait upon them everywhere. Here, if any where, we may say that the blessing of God has rested upon our labors; but we never before felt more sensibly than we do now, that the mercies of the Lord are without number.

LETTER FROM THE NOVITIATE, FLORISSANT.

FLORISSANT, NOV. 24, '71.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

It was suggested that one of the Juniors should furnish your periodical with a sketch of our Missouri Novitiate. I trust it will not seem impertinent if I do so.

To render my account more intelligible, we will suppose (sometimes suppositions become realities) that during the next vacation, in company with Mr. M——, who has been under your paternal care for the last three years, your Rev. takes a trip to the West and pays a visit to our community. You will probably take the cars from St. Louis about 8½ A. M. and passing by College View, the site of our future college, proceed ten miles on the N. M. RR. to Ferguson. At that point you will find one of the old-fashioned stages, which will convey you over a tolerably good road to the little French village of Florissant. This is a pretty old settlement. They say that there was a time when our great Western metropolis was described as "St Louis near Florissant", but that must have been before the present generation was born. Now Florissant is but an unimportant inland town, since railroad communication with it at the expense of a few miles of track was not deemed desirable, and an attempt to run street cars to the adjacent station has so far proved unsuccessful.

You may naturally inquire what place Florissant occupies on the map. To tell the truth it occupies no place on most maps, but that does not prevent your knowing its locality. If you draw a line North West from St. Louis to the Missouri you have a perfect Delta formed by this line and the two great rivers of the continent. This comprises Florissant Valley, a country fully as fertile as any in the state.

The valley is about eight miles in extent. Encircled by a range of hills, it presents the appearance of a vast amphitheatre. The land is gently undulating, rich and well-watered, affording the eye a most pleasing prospect of fair fields of ripening corn, bright meadows stretching forth on every side, and golden wheat drooping its luxuriant head. As you are hurried along in the stage to the tune of "g'up" or "haw Tom"; at a sudden curve in the road about two miles from Florissant you see looming up in the distance on a commanding little eminence about four miles away, a white stately building surmounted by a cupola. If you ask one of your neighbors to whom it belongs, ten to one you will be told that it is the "Priest's Farm," for under that name the neighbors recognize St. Stanislaus'.

Entering the south eastern side of the valley, you behold it spreading before you in all its magnificence towards the western ridge on which the Novitiate is situated. From the road you have an excellent view of the village itself, of which the most prominent edifice is the German church dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and under the care of one of our Fathers. As you pass down the main street (for you may call it a street if you have not a scrupulous conscience) there is ample opportunity to judge the enterprise of the citizens. The stage stops in the centre of the town at a grocery which happens also to be the Post-Office, where the driver with an air of importance tosses out a somewhat dilapidated canvass bag, and with an official tone cries out: "United States Mail." Crack! goes the whip, and the next place you stop is in an open square in front of St. Ferdinand's church, in the west end of the village. This church made of brick and built some 55 years ago, though of respectable size, is not very imposing exteriorly; but one is agreeably disappointed on entering, for everything wears a neat and orderly appearance, and the whole interior breathes an air of devotion. On one side of the church the Sisters of

Loretto have a convent and boarding school, on the other is the residence of Fr. Van Assche. But I suppose that before you have completed your survey of the premises, the good natured pastor has appeared at the door to receive his ever-welcome brethren. Fr. Van Assche, whose very countenance betokens benignity and goodness, is a stout, hale old man of seventy-one with silvery locks and white flowing beard which give him quite a patriarchal appearance. He is one of the pioneers of the Province having celebrated his fiftieth year in the Society last October. It would be an offence to refuse to accept his hospitality, and indeed it would be hard to do so, for he makes every one feel at home in an instant. His equal is seldom met. He seems to have gone through the world without ever having carried a cross, always cheerful, always kind, he carries farther than perfection the famous description of the pastor in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

Though you are at Florissant, you are still two miles from St. Stanislaus', and you must make haste to be in time for our dinner hour (12 o'clock). There is no stage running in our direction, so that you will be obliged to walk, unless you have taken the precaution to send word of your intended visit. But the walk is not altogether uninviting, for independent of a good road, two thirds of which divides or skirts our farm, you behold some lovely scenery ;—rich fields teeming with abundance ; the sheep in the neighboring pastures indulging in their sportive gambols ; birds of varied plumage tripping from branch to branch or sweeping across the path before you as if displeased with all intrusion : the stream meandering through the fields and emptying into the Missouri four miles distant : skirts of woodland diversifying the face of the valley ; the hills in the distance girded with lofty trees and dotted here and there with modest dwellings, the evident abodes of happiness and competence.

As you turn off from the road, you enter through a large open gateway, an avenue of 40 young elms which your com-

panion will recognize as a change, for in his time a row of Lombardy poplars led to the House. Right and left lie extensive orchards. From the avenue there is an excellent view of the building which faces to the South-East. It is of hammered stone, has three front projections; the centre surmounted by a triangular pediment, the two others in imitation of wings; it contains two stories and an attic besides a basement, and is covered with a roof of colored slate. A portico supported by Tuscan columns, embellished with mouldings and our motto A. M. D. G. leads to the entrance; whilst from the second story a large ornamental glass door shielded by a lattice opens out upon the portico. The windows guarded by flesh-colored shutters, present but plain caps and sills. The cupola, in which the bell hangs, is surrounded by an octagonal entablature, and supported by Tuscan pilasters. The building is simple, but imposing; and though it covers an area of only 100 by 44 ft., its parts are so commanding and well proportioned that it appears much larger. Luxuriant grape vines creeping along the rough stones, and conveying their fruit into the very windows, formerly mantled the walls: but they have been removed from all save the south-west side.

By the time you have completed your observations you have reached the end of the avenue, and encounter a white picket fence with a raised triple gateway. To the right you will read the admonition: "Ring the bell here," but after you have complied with it you need make no scruple of pushing the wicket open and proceeding to the house. You reach it by a pavement of flags 15 ft. broad, which extends all around the house, though with diminished breadth. Br. W—— will usher you into the parlor with his most winning smile, and leave you there whilst he goes to summon Fr. Rector. In the meanwhile you will have time to notice that the parlor though extremely neat is very plain and perfectly in keeping with the spirit of poverty. The mantel is adorned with some little trinkets and the walls with some

simple paintings. On one side is a large frame enclosing poetry written by the Juniors, pieces being changed from time to time. At present there are several acrostics, among others one double Greek acrostic to Pius the Ninth, and another in Latin to St. Stanislaus, displayimg in five directions.

It is made the custom of the house for our brethern from abroad to test our home-pressed wine before going any farther, it being supposed that a two mile travel has made it acceptable; besides it is as innocent as becomes a novitiate.

Of course you will next pay a visit to the domestic chapel which is in the first story on the south side of the house. Our altar is, in our opinion, quite handsome, being embellished with mouldings, carvings and modillions. The latticed windows with their lace hangings and the marbled walls and ceilings give an air of solemnity to the sacred precincts. All around you is still; it is the time of the Examen. That bell you hear sounding from the cupola is the sign for dinner. As we have "Deo Gratias" in your honor, there will be ample opportunity to become acquainted with the whole community, which consists of Rev. Father Boudreaux, Rector; Father Converse, Minister; Father Coppens, Professor of the Juniors; with eleven Juniors, seventeen Scholastic Novices and twenty-four Brothers.

In the course of the afternoon you take a survey of the premises. On the right and a little to the rear of the stone edifice is a frame building 52 by 20, rich in historical memories. At present its upper story is used as a chapel for the neighbors; the lower, owing to the scarcity of room and the large number of our community, as a Dormitory for the Juniors. Our outhouses are so numerous that they present the appearance of a little village. But let us proceed! Right of the house and back of it are orchards; left, or south-west, is the garden laid off with some taste, and by way of "miscendi utile dulci," enclosing patches of vegetables, borders of flower beds, and evergreens. Fruit trees of different kinds are scattered in the midst of this gay

profusion. Besides several arbors near the house, and a quantity of Catawba and Isabella vines planted elsewhere, a magnificent grape arbor 400 or 500 ft. long, supported on trellis-work twelve feet high, runs through the garden. Several bowers, conveniently situated, a row of tall locusts, and some venerable old pear trees afford shade and refreshing coolness. On the north side is a hot-house, and near by, a handsome flower bed under the care of the Juniors. In the lower part of the garden is a modest little oratory in the Gothic style, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Though at all seasons of the year it is a favorite resort of the Novices and others; the fragrant honeysuckles clambering up the wall without, and the blooming flowers placed before Our Lady's statue within, make it find favor even with non-Catholic visitors. The walks of the garden are bordered with pinks, violets and privet. The whole garden is surrounded by an Osage orange hedge of remarkable beauty and closeness. A person lately attempted to cross it, but though favored by a friendly fence, met with very indifferent success, as was evident from the sundry pieces of cloth left behind.

On the west side of the garden between flower beds on one side and orchards on the three other sides is the resting place of our dead. The cemetery comprises an area of 90 ft. square, enclosed by a simple white paling. Within the enclosure a quadrangular mound, partly artificial, partly natural, rises gradually from a height of 2 ft. at the border to 12 ft. at its central elevation. Two broad paths set with flowers and intersecting each other at right angles, divide the mound into four equal sections, two of which contain the remains of twenty-five Fathers, the third, of nine scholastics, the fourth, of eighteen brothers. A hedge of lilacs formerly encircled each section, but they have given place to box-wood, roses, lilies, bleeding hearts etc. Weeping willows, thorny locusts and huge catalpas throw a sombre shade over the sacred spot; whilst a stone cross twelve feet

high raised on a pedestal in the centre of the elevation speaks the faith and hope of the departed. One tomb close to the cross bears this inscription :

REV. PATER

LUDOVICUS SEBASTIANUS MEURIN,

SOC. JESU SAC. PROF.,

NATIONE GALLUS,

OBIIT IN PAGO PRAIRIE DU ROCHER

23 FEBR. 1777,

ET IBIDEM SEPULTUS FUIT

IN

ECCLESIA STI. JOSEPHI,

INDE HUC TRANSLATUS

23 AUG. 1849,

ET DENUO HUMATUS

3 SEPT. 1849.

R. I. P.

It is a precious link between the old and the new society.

I have confined myself, Rev. Father, to a description of what may be properly called our premises—all within the Osage orange hedge. Behind this is a country road, happily not much frequented, but this I must not cross without permission—it is out of bounds. Besides, I suppose you are wearied enough, so we will leave the farm buildings, the saw and grist mill and the church still in the course of erection, alone for the present. I will only mention that the large brick house beyond the road is inhabited by our former slaves, the same families that came with our first Fathers and Novices from Maryland fifty years ago. One of them, old Protus, died a few years since some 110 years of age; he gloried to have been of our Society for fifty years.

You must have noticed that the outhouses are in a good state of repair, many perfectly new; and you may wish to know whence this prosperity comes. Seculars say that it is all the work of our Procurator who is a native of Vermont, and who practised law before he joined our Holy Religion; but they do not know that we have another source of wealth besides, viz.: for several years past the custom has existed in this community of offering up a Mass every Wednesday and each member in his turn a communion in honor of St. Joseph, who has not despised the simple devotion, but has frequently given bountiful assistance both spiritual and temporal at the time most needed.

JUNIOR.

BUFFALO MISSION.

LETTER FROM MR. GULDNER.

BUFFALO, NOV. 20th 1871.

REVEREND FATHER,
P. C.

St. Michael's church is, and I suppose will continue to be, the centre of the Mission. It is accordingly the residence of the Rev. Fr. Superior. The natural field of the Apostolic labors of the German Fathers is the West, as it is to the West that the tide of German immigration is uninterruptedly flowing. Already they feel their inability to satisfy the demand for missions in that direction. Up to the present hour they have, besides the two houses in Buffalo, only one more residence, in Toledo,

where are the head-quarters of a band of four missionaries. One of the Fathers has accomplished an excellent work by reconciling a German parish in Erie to their Bishop; another has, by accepting a professorship in the Cleveland Diocesan Seminary, relieved the Administrator of that Diocese from the painful necessity of closing the Seminary. A college was offered in Prairie du Chien, Wis., but the Fathers did not deem it acceptable. Another band of missionaries is stationed here in Buffalo. They, too, have their hands full of work. "Messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci." It is the old complaint. The good these Fathers are doing, and are called to do, among the German population, is incalculable. However, though they spare no pains in the missionary work, it is neither the only, nor even the chief object of their attention. The greatest care and solicitude, they bestow upon the education of youth. They were not long in this country before they found out that the curse of this fair land, especially of the Catholic population, are the public schools. They therefore shrink from no sacrifice to procure good schools and good teachers for the children entrusted to their pastoral vigilance. Every class is visited at least twice a week by one of the Fathers, for the purpose of teaching catechism. Besides this weekly catechism, there is, regularly, every Sunday before Vespers, catechism in the church for the whole congregation, where the children are interrogated in presence of their parents. When they leave school they are received into the Sodality. These Sodalities have been canonically erected for the different classes of persons, viz., boys, young men, married men, young ladies, matrons. I may mention by the way, that the Fathers have great experience in the sodality work, as it is one of their chief occupations in Germany, where they are excluded from the education of youth. Some of the Sodalities meet every week; others every second week. They have general communion once a month. Yesterday morning I assisted at the Mass of communion for the men.

I never witnessed anything more edifying. The earnest but simple piety which those sturdy men showed forth, as they said their prayers in common, responded to the leading prefect, and sang their canticles was really touching. But it seems to be of regular recurrence: with them it is a matter of course to attend to their duties. Much good is prevented by the unreasonable division of the parishes. In whatever parish church a person has rented a seat, to that parish he belongs. It is a source of disorder and difficulties without end.

Besides the two large parishes of St. Michael's and St. Ann's within the city, the Fathers have also the care of the German-French of Eleysville and Northbush, and of the German-Irish parish of St. Vincent's. One of the Fathers spends some hours daily at the hospital of the Sisters of Charity. Every day he has some touching incident to relate, tending to prove that the hospital is for many a poor soul the gate of heaven. Only to-day in recreation he recounted the following: The other day, when I was going through the wards, the sister came to me saying, "Father, there is a negro just dying in another room, could you do something for the poor fellow?" "I will see" replied the Father, following the sister to the room where the dying man lay. He was brought to the negro by a little boy of twelve or fourteen years of age who said to the sick man, "Sam, here comes the Priest, he is going to baptize you. Do you believe in God, in Jesus Christ?" and he was going to put the man through a regular examination, when the Father interrupted him, and having satisfied himself as to the dispositions of the poor man, he called for water and baptized him. Half an hour afterwards he was a corpse.

Many edifying conversions, wrought in the hospital and during the missions, might be recounted, but I must not tire you. I will only mention two facts, circumstantially related to me by one of the missionary Fathers, and illustrative of the extraordinary action of grace on such occa-

sions. Two brothers had been deadly enemies for years; after the sermon, which was on reconciliation, they embraced each other at the church door, to the great joy and edification of the by-standers. In another parish, where a mission was preached, a scandalous law-suit was pending, in which many persons were concerned, and which caused great disturbance in the whole parish. It seemed as if this sad affair were going to thwart all the missionary's efforts in trying to produce a radical change in the hearts of the people. By dint of prayer and great efforts he finally succeeded in causing the whole suit to be dropped and private arrangements to be agreed to. The mission now went on splendidly and was attended by the wished-for success.

Now a few words about our incipient college. We have already over sixty students, in spite of difficulties of every kind that beset us, in spite of the ill-will of persons, who ought rather to favor than hinder the work. It will doubtless, at no distant period, become a flourishing college; at present its outward appearance is rather insignificant: the speedy erection of at least part of the future college is an urgent necessity. We have now the two lowest classes of the Latin course, and also two commercial classes. German and English are, as much as possible, kept on an equal footing. The Fathers are just now anxiously awaiting succor from Europe. I suppose when the "Old-Catholics" i. e. New-Protestants, with the help of their friends, the free-masons, will have done away with their eye-sore, the Jesuits, we shall get plenty of help. How we will welcome them to this our free and hospitable America!

If you can command your patience a little while longer I will speak to you about one, who being no more among the living, cannot forbid me to say something in his praise. I mean our good brother Pappert. He died on All Saints' day, at 5½ o'clock, a. m. Brother Francis Pappert was born in Fulda, in the year 1816. He entered the Society in Switzerland, when twenty years old. He lived at Freiburg

and other Swiss colleges till the year 1848, when the revolution dispersed that province of the Society. Shortly after he was sent to America, and, if I am not mistaken, continued to live at Fordham, till he was recalled to his own province, which happened in the fall of 1870. He was stationed at St. Michael's church, where he discharged the office of sacristan to the great satisfaction of the Fathers and edification of the faithful. People used to call him, *the good brother sacristan.*

During his illness his besetting thought was, that he gave, as he believed, so much trouble to the Fathers, among whom he had not labored. All this, I need hardly tell you, was but the effect of his delicate, susceptible mind. As to his usefulness, all those who knew him here, did not make a secret of the esteem in which they held him. The Fathers considered him as the very pattern of a coadjutor brother. On a holyday the Fathers and Brothers of St. Michael's church went to dine at St. Ann's. When after dinner, the Fathers, coming from the visit, proceeded to recreation, Father Superior, pointing to the kitchen where Br. Pappert was already diligently washing the dishes, although he had not been asked to do so, being a guest, exclaimed: "Brother Pappert is a model of a coadjutor brother."

It was on the 25th of June, the day of the first communion of the children of the parish, after having perhaps overfatigued himself in the sacristy and church, that he felt the first attack of apoplexy. When Fr. Minister accompanied him to his room, trying to dispel his uneasiness by saying: "It is only fatigue, brother, you worked too much to-day, take a rest and to-morrow you will be all right again," the brother shook his head and said calmly: "No, Father, it is an attack of apoplexy, I know it." All his right side became paralyzed: a few more attacks deprived him of speech, and rendered his right arm and hand useless. He dragged himself along very painfully; for his right leg soon became as helpless as his arm. As he was

convinced that all was over with him, he at once commenced to prepare himself for death. He walked along and worked as long as he could stir a foot, for the idea of being useless or a burden to others, was a torment to him, whereas the fathers deemed it a blessing, and not a burden to have a sick brother, and such a brother under their roof. Had he not been obliged by holy obedience, he would never have consented to take a glass of wine at table; and had not one of his brothers happened to perceive how extremely difficult and well nigh impossible it was for him to dress and undress, good Br. Pappert would never have said a word about it. At last obedience obliged him to keep his bed. Here he lay, the poor sick man, for months, more helpless and mute than a baby. The use of his left hand only was left to him; his only language was that of his eyes, and oh! how eloquent it was at times.

Fr. Superior was accustomed to give him his blessing every night after litany, but was once prevented from doing so. The next day the sick brother was uneasy, and calm only returned when in the evening he had received the blessing. I did not assist him very often. One day, I entered the infirmary, and, after speaking a few words, prepared to retire, when he grasped my hand and pressed it, and looked at me so candidly and so earnestly, that I, overpowered, had to leave the room at once. It seemed to me there was a world of meaning in that look and that pressure of my hand. I witnessed a similar scene when Fr. Superior, starting for a journey, gave him his parting blessing.

His beads were his great consolation; it was by their means that he established an uninterrupted communication and sweet conversation with heaven: he would never consent to part with them, even for a few minutes.

On Sunday, Oct. 29th, he received the Viaticum for the last time. The Infirmarian, after communion, said some prayers for him. He seemed full of consolation, and to give vent to his gratitude, he took the Infirmarian's hand and

would have kissed it, if the former had allowed him.

On the feast of Blessed Alphonsus, he seemed to be dying and we all thought that our Blessed Coadjutor Brother would obtain for him the grace of a saintly death on his own festival; but the next morning he was better.

During his long and noble struggle, lasting from Sunday till Wednesday, he never let go either beads or crucifix, and when a brother pointing to the beads, said: "the Blessed Virgin will assist you in your last moments," a smile of happiness illumined his face. Father Superior himself attended him in his last moments. He and all those in the house are unanimous in saying that Br. Pappert died a good, exemplary religious.

Many persons of the parish had given marks of deep sympathy during his illness, often inquired about his state, sent little presents for him; and when he was dead, the throng to the parlor was so great that the Fathers decided to depart somewhat from the custom of the Society.' Accordingly Rev. Fr Superior, in his sermon on All Saints' day, mentioned his death, asked the prayers of the faithful for the repose of his soul, and announced that the body would be exposed in the chapel. Many persons, among them not a few men, were seen shedding tears while the father said a few words about the edifying life and death of our dear brother. After Vespers the body was laid in the chapel, which is left open to the public, and until dark a crowd of people were without interruption going processionally around the bier and saying the beads. Mothers lifted up their children to see the face of the dead brother, and they seemed to look at it with pleasure; for the features were not at all contracted or any way repulsive, but he seemed to be peacefully sleeping. His funeral service was held on All Souls' day, and he was buried in the German Cemetery.—*May he rest in peace.*

LETTER FROM ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis University, Oct. 19th 1871.

Reverend Father,
P. C.

Within the last few days an event has occurred that shall forever be memorable in the annals of the house, and stand forth as one of its brightest pages. The great joy that pervaded all hearts, and the gala-day that was created for the entire University, professors as well as students, were occasioned by the rare and unprecedented spectacle of two of our Fathers celebrating their golden Jubilee. These were the FF. Van Assche and Verreydt; the only two surviving founders and pioneers of the province. As Rev. F Provincial intended to make the festival a general one, he thought he could devise no better method of doing so, than to invite the heads of the different houses, as well as those who had formerly filled the office of Rector. The kind invitation was almost universally responded to, for on the eve and morning of the festive day arrivals from every quarter of the Province filled the college. It was, indeed, a happy gathering and reunion; long separated brethren in religion met again; they recalled old scenes and places, and reverting to the histories and memories of the past, recalled to their minds things which time had almost effaced.

At length, the 10th of October, the feast of St. Francis Borgia, and the day appointed for the Jubilee, had come. It was a bright genial day, not a speck of cloud interrupted the continuous blue, while the sun dispensed sufficient warmth to remind one of Indian Summer. The previous Sunday, the parish had been informed of the approaching celebration, and on this morning many a devout soul hastened to St. Xavier's to witness the venerable sight and the affecting ceremonies. Precisely at 9 o'clock the clergy filed into the Sanctuary. The venerable Father Judocus L. Van

Assche officiated as celebrant, assisted by Father Helias of Cole Co. as deacon, and Father Busschots from the villa, as subdeacon. Owing to the dignified appearance of the celebrant and his assistants, the richly decked altar, and the distinguished services rendered by Mr. Gilson's choir, the Mass was as solemn and impressive as any we ever attended. In truth, nothing more venerable and awe-inspiring can be imagined than the aspect of Father J. L. Van Assche. With beard of silver descending to his breast and a countenance lit up by an ever ready smile, this veteran of many years still walks with step so light and firm, that few would credit the fact that seventy-one years have left no greater marks upon his person; Fathers Helias and Busschots, too, wear their years well, and still give many signs of unabated activity and ardor, — traits so characteristic of their nation. About twenty Fathers assisted in surplice; and as many acolytes, among whom may be reckoned several aspirants to the sacerdotal dignity, acted as torch-bearers, and enhanced the solemnity of the occasion. If his Grace, Bishop Miege had honored us with his presence, we should have enjoyed the spectacle of a pontifical high Mass, in which the pioneer Fathers would have figured as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. But as his Grace failed to appear, Father Felix L. Verreydt offered up his Mass of thanksgiving early in the morning, while Father J. Van Assche sang the solemn Mass. The church was crowded, and many a fervent prayer ascended on high for the blessings and length of years bestowed on the two venerable servants, while, perhaps, not a few of the Fathers assembled cherished the fond hope of one day seeing their own golden Jubilee. Slowly and solemnly the Holy Sacrifice neared its completion, and when the Celebrant's hand had descended in benediction on the prostrate crowd, all rose consoled by the rare and edifying action which they had witnessed.

At noon a bountiful repast was served. The greatest harmony and charity prevailed. Interesting scenes were

depicted in the most striking colors; and the many dangers, trials, and arduous occupations of the past were gratefully recounted. Especially did the older members dwell on the fact, when, fifty years ago, the youthful province emigrated from its parent stock, Maryland, to the wilds of Missouri, and in spite of a thousand obstacles laid the foundation. Time and again they lauded the unflinching spirit and iron will of the noble Fathers Van Quickenborn and De Theux, to whose unsparing exertions they owed their united fruitful labors. Amid these recollections the afternoon had passed, and the evening, the time set apart for the formal and explicit congratulations of the "veterans" had come. By 6 o'clock the community and invited guests, whose number had hourly increased, repaired to the spacious library hall. Here a richly covered table laden with creature comforts and refreshments ran through its entire length, while four magnificent chandeliers shed a flood of light over the well-stocked panels, and the portraits of the nine Presidents of the University. At the head of the table sat Rev. Father Provincial with Fathers Van Assche and Verreydt on either side, while ranged on the right and left were the many groups assembled to welcome the pioneers.

The formal opening of congratulation was made by the Rector Rev. J. G. Zealand, who in a short pithy address welcomed them in the name of all present, and represented what grateful sentiments were entertained for them by the inmates of the house. After a short interval, a communication from Rev. J. E. Keller, Provincial of Maryland, was read. This missive couched in terms at once most chaste and chiselled found a ready response in the hearts of all. It dilated in glowing terms on the golden fruits, which the tree planted by them so plentifully bore, styling them "the pillars of the noble edifice which now graced the land." Next came the kind greeting of the Scholastics resident at Woodstock, who though busy "hiving wisdom with each studious year" did not forget to contribute their mite to

the family festivity. One by one did they loom up before us, laying individually tokens of love and reverence at the feet of the pioneers. Their address, as tasteful in style, as simple in language, and encircled by a garland of distichs that set forth their several kind feelings and good wishes, was passed from group to group and greatly admired. But the older members, too, were not to be outstripped by the younger ones: they came forward and recited pieces breathing youthful ardor and inspiration. Among others, Father Busschots proved syllogistically the happiness of a well-spent religious life, and Father Helias, in five different languages, gave expression to his joy. His Latin hexameters and pentameters addressed to Father Felix Verreydt may not be out of place here. The following is a copy of the original:

Reverendo Felici Verreydt Jubilæum Celebranti

Sic Te divus amor patria procul ire relicta
Arcuit, Hesperiae visere regna domus?
Carbasaque ignotis audacia pandere ventis,
Phœbus ubi fessos condit anhelus equos.
Usus amicitiæ nec Te, lachrymæque tuorum
Flectere, sollicitæ nec valuere preces?
Non pater absentis poscens solatia nati,
Non genitrix passas imbre rigante comas?
Turbaque tot fratrum, quorum suspiria nullus
Finiit, a portu Te properante, dies?
Non albos scopulos, et mille pericula ponti
Impedit? Atroces trux habet unda vias,
Aspera montano riguerunt pectora ferro,
Votaque cum nullo pondere cuncta cadunt.
Ibis, et o nunquam rediturus! Te procul æquor
Ereptum ex oculis in vaga regna tulit.
Nec tamen Americes spectator inutilis urbes
Visere, nec merces classe referre parat,
Est aliud, quo vota pius cursusque ratemque
Impulit, instabiles spernere doctus opes,
Eminus albentes metitur messibus agros,
Quæque suas poscunt Indica rura manus.

Hic Fidei radiis pressas caligine mentes
Imbuit, et sacris crimina tinxit aquis
Cœlestesque animos patrio transcripsit Olympo
Deque triumphato præmia Dite tulit.
Et certe hoc melius, quam si Te cura parentum
Indecorem patria contumulasset humo.
Sic mihi facta via est, et me tulit æquor eunti:
Sic mihi nunc comitem me Tibi junxit amor,
Nec me terruerunt pharetræ, nec lethifer arcus,
Nec quæ Indi sæva bella bipenne gerunt:
Dummodo Romanæ rudibus primordia legis
Sacra feram, Jesum mundus uterque colat,
Scilicet ut Belgas videat domus utraque solis
Sacraque Christiadum mundus uterque notet.

Contributions by the professors of St. Louis University, and St. Xavier College were next recited, and the twelve "Juniors" at St. Stanislaus, were ably represented by Fr. C. Coppens, who read their happy productions. Chicago college found its exponent in Fr. De Blieck and Milwaukee had a spokesman in Fr. Lalumiere; the former improvised a short Spanish address presenting his compliments, while the latter regretted that he had not been able to forward two canes cut on the grave of Fr. Marquette, which were to serve them as a support in their declining years.

Father Kamp, of the nascent Buffalo Province, delivered a short address in German, while of two Italian Fathers returning from China, and homeward bound for Brazil, Fr. Rondina with a talent peculiar to his nation, like a true "improvisatore," threw off on the spur of the moment most exquisite Portuguese and Italian verses.

The time consumed in these various readings had advanced the night considerably, and Rev. Father Provincial, to close the exercises, requested the two "Honored Guests" to make a short reply. Cheerfully did they second his wishes by stating how grateful they felt to God for crowning their old age with such distinguished honor, and lavishing upon them so many sympathies at the hands of their brethren. With his usual wit and good humor, Fr. J. Van-Assche excused his brief speech by the promise of a longer

one at his centennial celebration. Father Felix Verreydt on the other hand, overcome with emotion, tendered his thanks to all present in the most humble manner, and recommended in a few appropriate words the fifty years spent in religion, and then with trembling hand blessed the kneeling crowd. Thus ended the festivities. But time shall not soon obliterate the salutary impression made—nay, in after years its sweet remembrance shall, like the reflex of past joys and glories, speed us back to the day, which we shall ever cherish as one of the happiest of our lives.

LETTER FROM FR. PRACHENSKY.

EMIGRANTS' REFUGE AND HOSPITAL,
WARD'S ISLAND, N. Y. NOV. 27, 1871.

REVEREND FATHER,
P. C.

In complying with the request of my brethren to open a correspondence with you, I think I may say, that owing to my peculiar position on this island, an account of the missionary work carried on here may not be without interest.

When the tide of emigration from Europe began to flow to this country, New York became the chief port of entry, and continued to grow in extent and importance with the numbers which arrived every day in its harbor to seek in this new country a new home. Many of these arrived destitute, and others who brought their little savings with them, became but too soon the prey of thieves and sharpers,

who infested this port, and robbed them unawares of what little property they had, turning them out penniless into the streets, where not seldom they were seized by the police, and as vagrants and paupers sent to the prisons or workhouse. To remedy these evils a number of prominent Irishmen formed themselves into an Irish Emigrant Society for the protection and assistance of Irish emigrants. The Germans soon followed their example, until both societies with the aid of the state authorities obtained a charter from the Legislature of New York as the *Commissioners of Emigration of the State of New York*, with the right of levying a tax on the captain of every vessel carrying emigrants to the port of New York. By means of this tax, or head-money, which at present is $1.50 for every emigrant, the Commissioners were enabled to perfect accommodations in Castle Garden, where all emigrants have to land; and to purchase land and erect suitable buildings for the sick and destitute, of no matter what nationality.

Thus every emigrant arriving at the port of New York or Brooklyn during the first *five* years he is in this country, has a right to hospitality and care if sick or destitute, in the Emigrants' Refuge and Hospital of Ward's Island. How many arrive here, having been sent for by their relatives, without means to continue their journey! They are transferred to Ward's Island; their relatives are written to, and they themselves remain in safe-keeping without any expense, until they are sent for or the necessary funds are obtained. The Hospitals contain every sort of patients *ab infante usque ad hominem senem*, every disease that man is heir to, with the exception of small-pox cases, which are transferred to the Hospital on Blackwell's Island at the expense of the Commission. There is an average of from 600 to 800 patients in the Hospitals and from 1200 to 2500 inmates on the island. Last winter they reached the number of 2600; 14,000 persons obtained hospitality in this Institution during the course of last year. The greater part of these are

German and Irish; a considerable number of English and Scotch; Poles and Bohemians and a sprinkling of other nationalities. That there is a large number of Catholics among them is evident. A priest from Yorkville, and a Protestant minister from Harlem were appointed chaplains, but neither of them was allowed to reside on the island. When three years ago his Grace, the Archbishop, entrusted this place to the care of the Society which had already all the other charitable institutions of the islands in charge, and your humble servant was appointed to the chaplaincy of the emigration on Ward's Island, I saw at once that a residence on the island was absolutely necessary; so without asking leave officially, I took it for granted, and sought and found board and lodging with a family in the place. Once established there, none of the Commissioners had the courage to send me away; and when I remarked that they connived at my stay, I made a step farther, and asked for a lodging nearer to the Catholic chapel, which, after some difficulties and explanations, was granted. I then turned my attention to the furnishing and embellishing of the chapel, so that it became a point of attraction to the inmates and visitors; and the commissioners themselves remarked, not without pride: "That is the way the Priest spends his money!" The year after, I applied for an increase of salary to the Commission, and made a promise to buy a statue of St. Patrick and St. Bridget, if my petition were granted. I obtained it, and the two statues adorn an altar in the chapel. This chapel is in the upper story of a large frame building used as a nursery, unfortunately difficult of access for infirm, old and crippled people, exceedingly hot in summer and not large enough for all the people in winter. For besides the Emigrants' Refuge and Hospital, which belongs to the state, there is on this island also an Inebriate Asylum and a Soldiers' retreat belonging to the city; moreover at the beginning of next year there will be opened here a large lunatic asylum for 800 patients, to be

transferred from Blackwell's Island. Now as the majority in all these institutions is Catholic, my congregation will be increased considerably. I say two Masses every Sunday, preach in English after the second, and during winter in German at Benediction; still the chapel, seating about 500, cannot accommodate all. Therefore I made up my mind, under the protection of St. Joseph, to whom the chapel is dedicated, to apply to the Commissioners (13 in number and only three of them Catholics) for the building of a new Catholic church *in terra firma*. Although I was laughed at by Ours and strangers, who thought that I was building castles in the air, and at my first application to the Board of Commissioners had suffered a defeat, the votes standing five against five; I had the matter reconsidered last week, and, thanks to the intercession of St. Joseph, carried my point by a vote of seven against three, with an appropriation of $35,000 and the resolution to commence the work at once. I hope that by the time this reaches you, the foundations of the new Catholic church will be dug, and that it will be closed in when you come to New York in vacation.

I have not asked yet for the building of a new *residence* for the pastor; but that will come, when the church is built. *Quærite primum regnum Dei, et hæc omnia adjicientur vobis:* i. e. first build the church, and the residence of the pastor will follow. But do not think that our Protestant Commissioners who show themselves so liberal towards Catholics, forget their own. When I was allowed a residence on the Island, application was made for the residence of a Protestant minister also, but I succeeded in getting him assigned a lodging far enough away, to make him prefer to stay home than to walk about among the inmates: one of the Commissioners was not a little amused, when I applied for an increase of salary, at my answer to his objection that the Protestant chaplain would ask for the same. "By all means, let him have it, if you think he deserves it; I am a-

fraid that if the poor fellow does not enjoy some comfort in this life he will find little in the next. Moreover, that man is doing more for his people than I would do for mine."

"How so, Father?"

"I am afraid, he is damning himself to please his people: a thing that I would not do for mine: they ought to pay him well at least in this world."

The Protestants have a chapel on this island of about half the size of ours, but it is never filled. The greatest part of the German Protestants are infidels, who laugh at their ministers. There is not much chance of making converts for fear of provoking reaction. Nevertheless instances have not been wanting, every year, in which I have been called to receive into the Church, Protestants, who called for the Catholic priest, on their death bed, moved by the mercy of God alone. Among these I always will remember an English lady of good education, who had been sick of consumption for several months. I saw her mostly every day while making my rounds through the wards of the hospital but beyond an ordinary salutation and question about her physical condition, I never exchanged a word with her on religious subjects, as she seemed to be very bigoted and attached to her own sect. One afternoon I had been on a visit to Blackwell's Island, when a messenger waited for me on the shore, with a very urgent sick-call. I had seen all the patients before leaving the island, and could not guess, who required my assistance. Judge of my surprise when I was conducted to the bed-side of the lady just mentioned who, in the pangs of death, said she could not die without receiving the rites of holy Mother Church. She knew sufficiently well, what she was about to receive, and scarcely had I annointed her and after a few prayers turned my steps to the door, when she expired. I learned here better than anywhere, how good it is to explain the teachings of our Holy Religion to all who give us the chance, though they seem not to heed what we say at the time.

Yet another conversion I will relate and thus cut short my epistle, which has grown to longer dimensions than I expected. It is the conversion of a Chinese boy, 14 years of age. This boy was reduced to slavery by the Chinese rebels, after his father and mother had been massacred before his eyes. At the age of 10 he was instrumental in saving the life of an American navy-officer, who took him on board of his own frigate and brought him to his family on Long Island. Johnny Chow learned the English language, and as the family of the officer were all Methodists, he was trained up in that sect. After three years he was afflicted with an abscess on the spine, which made his presence in the house of his benefactors insupportable; so they sent him to the Emigrants' Hospital on Ward's Island, but never failed to recommend him to the special care of the Protestant chaplain who was to see him daily and to bring him jellies, crackers and candies, and whatever could be of any comfort to poor Johnny in this world. I, of course, waited on Johnny too, learned his history and his religious training, and when I found that he was not even baptized, and that the Protestant minister never spoke to him about Baptism; I explained to him its necessity, and arranged it so with the Orderly in charge of the ward, that he instructed him in his catechism. Johnny himself declared repeatedly, that he liked the man that baptized much better than the man that read over him; and thus when his end approached, and he was asked which of the two clergymen he wished to have, he called with a loud voice: "I no want the man that reads, I want the man that baptizes, — he tell the truth." And so Johnny was baptized and saved his soul without the aid of jelly and crackers. You may imagine what were the feelings of the minister when he was informed about it, and could not make any complaint since he had neglected to baptize him. Besides the boy was not a Protestant but an infidel, whom an infinitely merciful God brought all the way from China to Ward's Island to make a Christian of him and to take him to heaven.

This, Rev. Father, may do as a beginning of our correspondence; and I hope that you will favor me also with the news, with which you propose to gladden our dear Society. I must confess our Lord helped me a little in getting time to write this letter, by sending me a severe cold, which keeps me in my room for a day or two. But then I will not wait for another cold before I write to you again. Wishing you the very best success in your new enterprise, I will write, without being called upon, whenever I am in possession of facts that will suit your laudable purpose, A. M. D. G.

LETTER FROM FATHER VINCENT GARCIA TO FATHER IGNATIUS SANTOS, RECTOR OF THE SEMINARY AT PORTO RICO.

Rev. and Dear Father Rector,

P. C.

Your reverence will be surprised to receive a letter from me, dated from this city; but such are the ways of Divine Providence, who directing all things for the best, has decreed that his children should be wanderers on the face of the earth.

On the 4th of last Sept. we were driven from Guatemala; we took refuge in this Central American Republic. Of this fact you have been doubtless apprised. I shall confine my narrative therefore to some few of the painful scenes through which we have been made to pass.

On the 29th of June the revolution achieved a decisive triumph; but its action was so awkward and its success so contrary to every probability, as to make it manifest that the result was the work of the Lord, who sent it as a chas-

tisement rather than the doing of the four giddy heads who were pledged to it. On the 30th the liberating (?) army entered the city, and honors of course were paid to it; but as the whole city, had taken part with the opposite side during the struggle, it had to submit to be pillaged. Still the conquerers conducted themselves with moderation. They gave safe-conducts even to the old ministers of state; they were willing moreover to retain in the service the same officers whom the former administration had employed, and they protested so loudly their unwillingness to imbrue their hands, or stain their victory with blood, that many of the simple people gave them credit for good intentions.

On the 13th of Aug. the feast of B. John Berchmans, hostilities were opened on the college of Quezaltenango. At 8 o'clock at night General Barrios, previously of the Liberating army, but now Commandant of that department, convoked the municipal officers of the place, and made all sign a decree for our expulsion. "If you refuse" said he "I will shoot every one of you." The document was signed. He then without delay informed the Jesuits that the people were in a tumult against the Society, and that the municipality, to avoid being knocked down and trampled upon, had made arrangements for Ours to depart at 3 o'clock in the morning. There was no remedy for it, they had to go. Such was the leniency shown them that even one of the fathers who was suffering from pains in the stomach was pulled or rather dragged along, and then thrown upon a mule to expedite the departure. They then with all the honors of war, i. e. escorted by a numerous body-guard began the march. They had gone a distance of two leagues, when a couple of the fathers, who had little by little got ahead of the guards, slipped away. Their object was to reach Guatemala before the enemy, and prevent the Superior in that city from being taken by surprise. They succeeded, arrived in the city four days in advance of the es-

cort and escorted, and the plans of the Government were frustrated. The news quickly spread, and the people were aroused to such a state of exasperation that the provisional President was obliged to practise dissimulation and to impute the affair to the arbitrary act of a subaltern. But his plan in reality had been to have us all removed two days later, to join us on the road and conduct us to the port where lay the the nearest steamer.

On the 18th the Fathers from Quezaltenango arrived at Guatemala and were received in triumph. The Bishop, the Clergy of the Cathedral and more than 200 persons went out to welcome them. It was 10 o'clock at night, but the multitude made the air resound with their *vivas* to the Evangelical laborers and to religion. Whilst this was going on, some evil-minded persons called together a patriotic *junta*, discoursed an amount of nonsense, and gathered signatures to a petition drawn up against us. The well-disposed held a meeting also, spoke their mind and framed a petition in our favor.

The provisional President being unable to discern a middle course, willed that every department should sign the decree for our expulsion. He signified the same. Hereupon, the party in our favor came to the conclusion that resistance was a necessary measure. The department of St. Rose took the initiative. At the moment when the message arrived, it announced its opposition. Two other departments joined it, and the united forces of the three were organized into a body called the Christian army.

The President, at this juncture, saw himself between the sword and the wall. For the Secret Societies of Costa Rica having assisted him to attain his authority, now threatened him with the poniard, unless he kept the oath he had taken to banish us. He therefore called together our principal friends and declared to them that he would banish us though it should cost him the presidential chair. He immediately put the city in a state of siege, etc. etc.

It is not possible to relate here all that occurred at this time, or the efforts of the good people in our defence: the manifestoes, protests and placards; the procession of 300 or 400 ladies to the house of the President in order to dissuade him from carrying out his resolution; or the guarding of our premises night after night by these same ladies, armed with knives to prevent an attack upon us.

At length on Sept. 4th at 5 A. M. we were hurried off amid a troop of armed soldiers, leaving the city in consternation and tears. We departed like true ministers of God, each with his crucifix suspended from his neck, and his little pack in his hand. On the road we gathered tears and sighs; for the people wherever we passed, threw themselves on their knees, and in the emotions of grief called themselves unfortunate.

At the port of St. Joseph, a place extremely unhealthy, we were delayed eight days, at the end of which time a steamer arrived. Now began the second part in the drama of our troubles. The fathers were allowed a part of the cabin; but the rest of us were stowed away in the hold of the vessel, a delightful locality, where in the abundance of our wants we had to be satisfied with an abundance of cold; and in the absence of convenience, to put up with every inconvenience, and to make the best of it.

The government had bargained for our passage to Panama; and so we were forbidden to get out and shake ourselves at the ports of the neighboring republics, San Salvador and Honduras; but three days after, we reached Corinth, Nicaragua, where we were welcomed with open arms. Two of the fathers went immediately to inform the Lord Bishop of our arrival. His Lordship instantly put his palace at our disposal. On Monday Sep. 18th we made our entrance into the city, where the Lord Bishop, the clergy and the entire population dressed in their holiday attire gave us the honors of a triumphal reception. A band of music led the procession and the heavens blazed with rockets.

All were full of the liveliest joy, and the welcome was warm and affecting. We went to the Cathedral, whence, after the *Te Deum* was sung, we repaired to our lodgings. Never in my life did I see streets so tightly packed with people; if there was one person there, there were 16,000 crowded upon them.

We are now resting, and recovering from the fevers which had seized upon us. The people are very kind, and are providing us with all the necessaries of life; but they are very poor, and it is only now after a month's stay that some of us have procured a bed to sleep upon. They are well disposed to receive the assistance of our ministry. The men and women come to confession to us, and they wish us to open a mission among them. The clergy are enthusiastic in our praise. They have asked us to take charge of the schools, and the government, which is an excellent one, is in favor of it; but the country is too poor to inspire confidence. Our stay at this point is only temporary therefore; we shall depart when we have recuperated and received further orders. By that time the affairs of Guatemala may be settled; for the entire state is again in arms, the government is again in jeopardy, and those who raised the present administration to power are now the most ardent reactionists. Unless therefore the Lord decrees to prolong the days of our trial, there is strong reason to hope for an early return.

But the mail is about to start. Give our best respects to the fathers and brothers.

AN ACCOUNT OF A MIRACULOUS CURE EFFECTED AT BOSTON, MASS. BY THE USE OF THE "WATER OF LOURDES."

The following account was written by Miss O'Donnell, the person cured by the use of the "Water of Lourdes." We insert as a preface, an extract of a letter dated Dec. 28th 1871, from one of our Fathers who has been the young woman's spiritual director for several years.

I have asked Miss O'Donnell herself to write out a little account of the miracle which I enclose. This I think will be more satisfactory, and of course more exact than anything I could write. The cure, you will observe, was much more sudden than I gave you to suppose. About ½ after 6 A. M. on the 18th of August last, her mother rubbed her with the "water." (This was the *first* time it had been applied to her spine and hip, and only the second time that she had used it in any way.) At ¼ to 7, the same morning, I took her Communion, and about 9 the same morning, she threw aside her crutches. The cure took place on the third day of the novena, St. Helen's day, as we afterwards observed, though it was only from accident we selected that day for Communion. It was she herself who brought me the account this morning.

Miss Helen O'Donnell's Account.

I have suffered from scrofula since my infancy, but the disease never appeared externally. When about one year old, my eyes became affected and I was blind nearly all the time from that age until my fifth year. I remember having

had the back-ache when a little child, but during the winter of 1859 it troubled me more than before and I grew quite sick. At that time Dr. Mason Warren examined my back and decided that I had the spine disease which was incurable. All that could be done was to try to keep up my strength. I grew very much out of shape and could not stand erect. In a few weeks my left hip became diseased, the limb was so drawn up that my foot did not touch the ground. I was able, however, to walk with crutches until the Spring of 1864, when I grew so much worse that for fifteen months I was confined to my bed. A swelling appeared on my right side which grew to be larger than an egg. In reply to my enquiries as to its character, the doctor told me that it came from an inward swelling, that it was not a tumor, that I would not die of tumor, but very likely of cancer.

I did not go out of the house after the Spring of 1864 more than four times and then I had to ride. I was able at times to go about the house on my crutches, but generally was obliged to keep my bed for several weeks together, and could never sit up a whole day. I was never out of pain for five minutes at a time. My right arm also became useless. I first heard of the "water of Lourdes" in the fall of 1869. I then said I would get well as soon as I used it, but I did not know any one who had the miraculous liquid, or who would get it for me. Indeed I had no hope of ever getting it. In January 1871, I became very sick. I had every day several fainting fits, which lasted from a quarter to a half an hour. I grew weaker every day. I could not read any longer. I did not care to see any person, or to hear any one speak—I felt that I was dying. At this time I called a physician (Dr. Storer) to see me, for I had not had one previous to this time for four years, nor had I taken any medicine. I did not even take what was ordered in January last, because I knew it would not help me. The doctor while prescribing it said

he thought it would not help me much, but that it would do me no harm. He thought I could not live long and that if I did not grow worse quickly, we ought to be very thankful.

I felt sure the "water of Lourdes" would cure me, and the more I thought of it the more certain I grew. In the last week of July 1871, Sister Superior of the Sisters of Notre Dame at Lowell sent me a small vial of the "water." Upon measuring it, I found I had just five teaspoonfuls. After obtaining the "water" I was afraid to use it, for what reason I know not. I yet felt I would be perfectly well as soon as I used it. I would not have been disappointed however, if I had not been cured. On August 13th a swelling came on the left side of my neck. I felt as if I were choking. I took half a teaspoonful of the "water" and rubbed my neck with it. I then drank a few drops of it when all the pain and swelling instantly left me. On August 18th I was rubbed all over with the "water" in the morning, and after receiving Holy Communion swallowed a few drops of it and afterwards took my breakfast. After this I thought I would try to walk and so started without my crutches. I found I could really walk. Both my feet touched the floor. My back was perfectly straight, the swellings all gone and I had no pain. I got safely across the room, and went down one flight of stairs and up again without any difficulty. Since then I have been perfectly well and can walk as well as any person. I have had no return of pain or disease. The "water" appears like oil when one uses it.

D. O. M.